MARITIME

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

Buzzards Bay
OVERHEAD POWER CABLE AUTHORIZED CL 180 FT
CANAL LAND CUT
TOWER
TOWER
TOWER
VERT. LIFT BRIDGE
HOR CL 900 FT.
VERT CL 135 FT (UP)
VERT. CL 7 FT (DOWN)
CAPE COD CANAL LIGHTS
Mercury vapor lights 1000 feet apart are located 140 feet from edge of channel. The lights yellow on the north bank and white on the south bank are staggered every 500 feet apart
Pt. Independence
Plymouth Park
Jacobs Neck
Wicketts I
Onset I
Onset Pt.
Burdens Pt.
Hog Neck
Hog I.
Mashnee I.
Cedar I. Pt.
Stony Pt.
The Widows Cove
Toby's Island
PHINNEYS HARBOR
Monument Beach
Gray Gables
Back River
marsh
TANK
Bennetts Neck
North Pocas
Pocasset River
Pocasset Station
Burlows Landing
Wings Cove
Cohasset
Tobern Neck
Butler Cove
WATER TOWER
STATE FISH PIER
Bourne Neck
(see tabulation)
2 FIXED BRIDGES
HOR CL 40 FT
VERT CL 41 FT
FIXED BRIDGE
HOR CL 93 FT
VERT CL 11 FT
FIXED BRIDGE
HOR CL 40 FT
VERT CL 74 FT

JOHN A VOLPE
GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY:

It is a pleasure for me, as Governor, to extend the congratulations of the Commonwealth to the graduating class of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

I am happy also to offer my personal good wishes to each of you upon the completion of your studies at the Academy.

Your training has been comprehensive and well planned to fit you for the responsibilities and duties which you will encounter in the honored field of maritime service.

Through this message in your yearbook, "The Muster," which will be a source of pleasant memories to you in later life, I wish you success and true happiness in your careers.

Sincerely,

John A Volpe

Governor

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Department of Education

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

USTS BAY STATE

STATE PIER, BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS

To the Graduating Class of 1962
Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Congratulations upon your completion of the Course!

You are now prepared to enter upon a career which will lead you to greater heights of achievement in your chosen field.

A college student once told his Dean that he was glad that he had finished his education. Never consider that you have finished, but just begun. This will go on through your entire lifetime. Advancement in whatever field you choose necessitates constant, consistent study and application. Lessons will come to you from many sources, from reading, from your associates, from personal experiences. They are yours to absorb and apply, if you will be alert and observant. You will make errors some times, as all people do, but consider the lesson the errors have taught you.

Have confidence in your ability, courage of your convictions, and always strive to be Right.

The Superintendent and the Faculty wish you success and happiness in your future.

John W. Thompson
Rear Admiral USMS
Superintendent

FACULTY MEETING

BUSINESS OFFICE

Ships Office
Capt. Woodland and Princ. Clerk Coghlan

Dispensory
Pharm. Tassinari—Dr. Dawson

First Lieutenant's Office
2 Midshipmen, Cdr. Hirst, Chip, Bos'n

Pay Office
Cdr. Anteen and Storekeeper Vent

Log Office
Cdr. Crosby, Cdr. Wright, Lieut. Tonello,
Mach. LaCasse

NAVIGATION

Captain Richard T. Rounds, USNR
Commanding Officer
Meteorology Instructor

Captain Louis A. Woodland, USNR
Executive Officer
Ship Construction Instructor

Commander William J. Connors, USNR
Navigator
Navigation & Rules of the Road Instructor

SEAMANSHIP

LCDR. Paul G. Hirst, USMS
First Lieutenant
Admiralty Law Instructor

LCDR. Lucian T. Page, USMS
Seamanship, Cargo, Rules of Marine
Inspection Instructor

LCDR. Alan McNaughton, USNR
Communications
Ship Operations Instructor

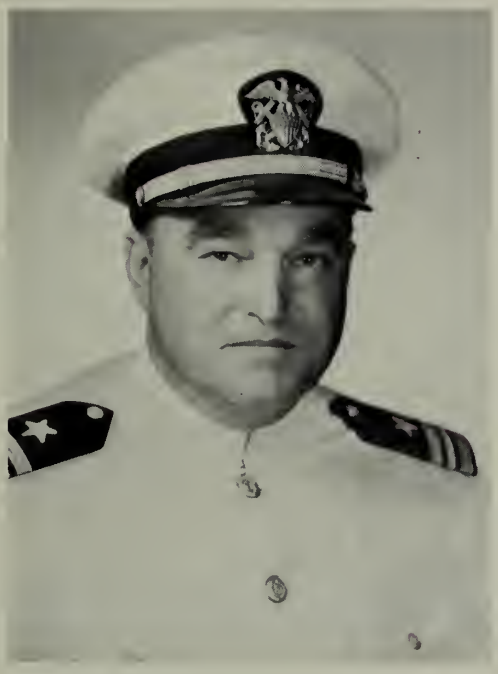
ENGINEERING

Capt. James M. Murray, USNR
Chief Engineer,
Steam Engines, Thermodynamics
Instructor

CDR. William H. Hemmerly, USNR
Refrigeration
Electricity Instructor

LCDR. Harold C. Pratt, USN(Ret.)
Electronics Instructor

DEPARTMENT



LCDR. James D. Crosby, USNR
Auxiliary Division Officer
Diesel Instructor

Lt. Frederick H. G. Wright, USNR
Boiler Division Officer
Instructor of Boilers and Property of Materials
Instructor

Lt. Mario Tonello, USMS
Machinery Division Officer

Lt. Angus E. MacLeod, USMS
Assistant Division Officer
Shop Theory Instructor

ACADEMIC

Cmdr. John M. Cease, USN (Ret.)
Academic Assistant
to the Superintendent
First Division Officer
Mathematics Instructor

Cdr. Joseph Keim, USN (Ret.)
Ass't First Div. Officer
English Instructor

Mr. James E. Collins
English Instructor

Lt. Thomas F. Dorsey, USMS
Muster Advisor
Social Sciences Instructor

Lt. William R. Hendy, USNR.
Physics, Chemistry &
Atomic Power Instructor

Lt. F. L. Dixon
Yard, USMS
Spanish Instructor

Entered ..... 19..... Date of birth ..... SH — Semester Hours

		Fall..... Mark.....SH	Summer ..... Mark .....SH	Fall..... Mark .....SH	Summer..... Mark .....SH	Fall ..... Mark..... SH	Summer Mark.....SH
** A1	English Composition	2	2				
** A2	English Literature	2	2	1	1		
** A3	U. S. in World History		2	2			
** A4	Maritime History				3		
** A5	Algebra	3	2	2			
** A6	Trigonometry			3	2		
E A7	Analytic Geometry				3		
E A8	Calculus				2		
** A9	Economics			3			
E A10	Economic Geography			2			
** A11	Physics	4	4				
E A12	Chemistry			2½			
** A13	Spanish	3	3	3	3		
D1	Communications			½	½	1½	1½
D2	Navigation			2½	2½	2½	2½
** D3	Seamanship	2	1	3½	3½	2½	3½
D4	Rules of the Road			2			2
D5	Cargo Stowage					2	2
D6	Ship Oper. & Econ.				3	2	
** D7	Ship Construction				2	2	2
D8	Rules of Marine Insp.					2	2
D9	Meteorology					2	
** D10	First Aid				2	2	2
** D11	Maritime Law					2	2
E1	Steam Boilers			1½	1½	2	2
** E1-6	Marine Engineering	2	1				
E2	Steam Auxiliaries			1	1½	2½	2
E3	Steam Engines			2½	1	2	1½
E4	Diesel Engines			2½	2½	2½	
E5	Electrical Engineering			3	2½	3	3
E6	Refrigeration						2½
E7	Engineering Regulations						2
E8	Property of Materials					2	
E9	Machine Shop				2		2
** E10	Radio & Electronics						2
** E11-1	Mechanical Drawing	1	1				
E11-2	Engineering Drawing			1			
E12	Thermodynamics					2	
E13	Atomic Power						2
** NS	Naval Science*	3*	3*	3*	3*	3*	3*

Study Average						
Conduct						
Apt. & Attention to Duty						
Term Average						
Term Standing						

Final Average ..... Final Standing ..... in class of .....

CRUISE MARKS			
Practical Seamanship			
Navigation			
Steam Engineering			
Conduct			
Aptitude			

Maximum mark 4.0. Passing mark 2.5.
Classroom instruction periods are 50 minutes in length.
Terms are approximately 17 weeks in length.

* NS Only one (1) semester hour each term credited toward degree.
** Subjects required for all students.
E Subjects required of all enrolled in Engineering Course.
D Subjects required of all enrolled in Seamanship & Navigation Course.

HOME ADDRESS .....

Was granted a Bachelor of Science degree in ..... on ..... 19 .....

.....
SUPERINTENDENT, MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY
BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS.

STAFF

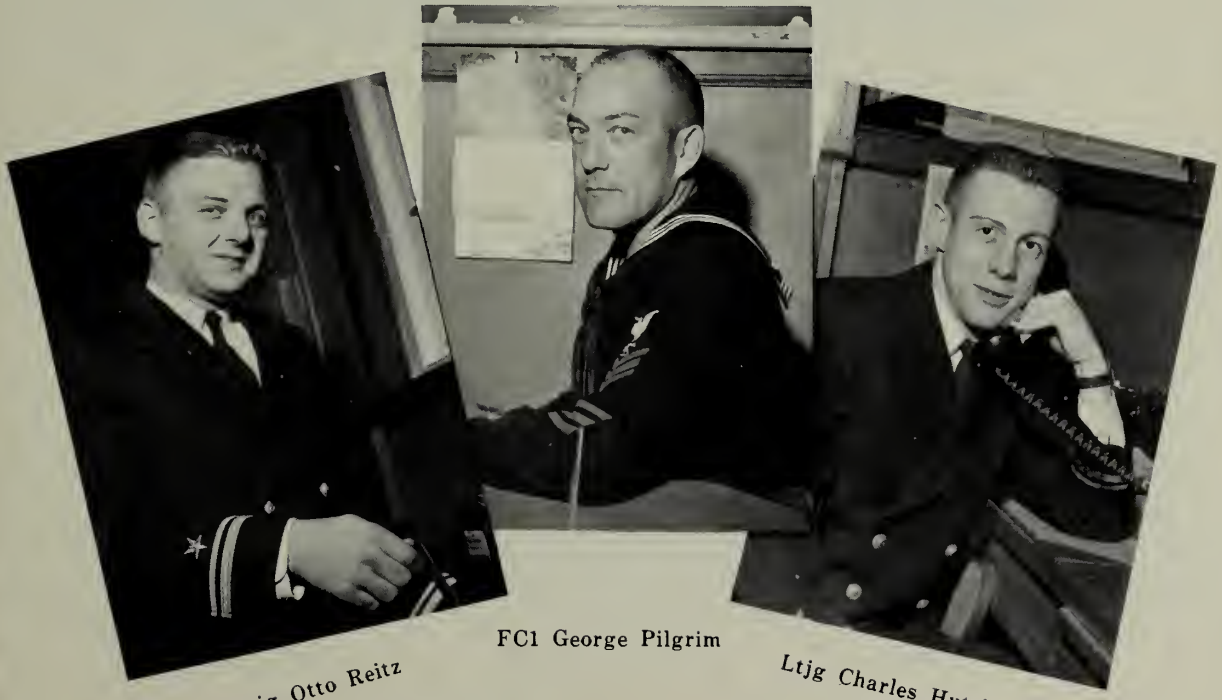
William E. Dawson Capt
Ship's Surgeon

Alvin Anteen LCdr
Supply Officer

Robert Murphy Lt
Watch Officer

Seated: Ltjg Peter Ostrander, LCdr Rene Briand, Ltjg Kenneth Fisher. Standing: GMCS Stephen Novak, YN1 Frederick Wade, FTC Samuel T. Simpkins.

NAVAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT



Ltjg Otto Reitz

FC1 George Pilgrim

Ltjg Charles Hutchinson

SHIP'S

Seaman Alden

Bos'n Tribou
Seaman Ripley
Seaman Raymond

Repairman Thompson

Principle Clerk Coghlan

Seaman Stewart

Cooks Beers and Leighton

Cook Moniz

Messman Tatro & Cooks
Leighton and Tatro

CREW

Messman Tatro

Cook Crowell

Cook Pollock

Machinist LaCasse

Electrician Manyard

Carpenter Selfe

Radio Operator Kent

M.N.S. EST. 1893 ALUMNI INC. 1916
M·M·A·A·A·INC. CHARTERED 1947
MASS MARITIME ACDMY

GRADUATES

JOHN WILSON DOHERTY, JR.

47 Eastbourne Street
Roslindale, Massachusetts

"Dorrah"

Battalion Commander, Commander Honor Guard, Gull Society, Birdland Lounge Pres., Shellback, Muster Staff.

"Square Jack, the lady killer" was destined to wear the big four, for our last year at the academy, from the day he stepped aboard. In this position he has set quite a course for the following year's four stripers to steer.

Jackson may be best remembered for his performance as Master of Ceremonies for the "Birdland Lounge", on our final training cruise.

We feel certain that Jack will rise to the top in whatever occupation that he goes into after school and all we can say is "smooth sailing, Jack."

JOHN A. REDMAN

16 Ledyard Street
Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

"Red"

Battalion Adj., Shellback, Bluenose, Muster Staff, Chaos Committee, Rifle Club.

"What manner of creature is this? A body covered with down and a method of locomotion unlike any we have ever seen."

This was Red. The wise old sage of the Submarine Service had come to see what the top of the sea looked like. Red quickly settled down to the routine of academy life and was rewarded in his last year with the Big Three. This was a boon to the class because now we could always get the "straight dope" on what was going on "upstairs."

Aside from his ability to spin yarns, the "Vulch" has proven himself an able seaman. We know that this, coupled with his lightening wit and instantaneous reflexes, will make him a fine Merchie officer.

EDWARD TIMONEY

11 Clayton Street
Watertown, Massachusetts

"Tim"

Honor Guard, Ring Committee, Ring Dance Comm. Cadet Lieutenant, Muster Staff, Shellback.

On THAT day, 3 years ago, a young man walked through our portals followed by three bearers carrying pies, potato chips and crescent wrenches, respectively.

Although thoroughly versed on the theories of Reno King, when the time came, Ed decided to breach new horizons through a sextant. Despite the handicap of work gloves and starched work shirts, Tim was awarded the big two in Navy Division.

No matter which is first, Navy or the Merchie, we know as long as "M" is above "G" you'll never be far from Tipping.

RICHARD CHARLES TAUTKUS

63 Spruce Street
Abington, Massachusetts

"Rat"

Cadet Lieutenant, Honor Guard, Chairman of Ring Comm., Muster Staff, St. Lucia Jail, Shellback.

Meekly prancing through the hallowed gates of MMA came Dick dragging a long pair of apron strings. It was not long before he officially became known as the Rat, and settling down to the normal routine of the Academy, he was soon found attracting the attention of the upper jobs. A temporary stinger was felt by Dick during the first term, but it was soon overcome and he went to the head of the class. During the second class cruise the Rat made some radical changes and left his boyhood ideas for those of a man.

He was always making new friends that still can be found in some of the leading hotels in Castries and in those overlooking the Panama Canal. Dick will never forget those friends. Many of the leisure hours away from the academy were spent in the Hingham Social life, only to be distracted by the Call of the Wild. He could always be relied upon for one of his exciting experiences in the forest.

MICHAEL H. DENNIS

8 Colliston Road
Brighton, Massachusetts

"Mike"

Circle K President, Muster Staff, Chaos Committee, Birdland Lounge, Horizontal Club, Gull Society.

"Good morning, everybody. It's good to be alive, isn't it?" Yes, the most cheerful and affable member of our class had risen to a new day with his customary good humor. With a kind word for most, the terror of the Coast Guard was never without a comment for all. His nautical prowess soon elevated Mike to become the father, mother, sun, and moon to those fortunate enough to come under his command in "Happy Valley". His next stint in the Coast Guard should be an active one and we hope this time it will be longer than six months.

PAUL DENNIS HENNIGAN

71 Capen Street
Milton 87, Massachusetts

"Digger"

Cadet Lieutenant, Ring Dance Chairman, Muster Staff, Newman Club, Sailing Club, Shellback.

Coming to us from an illustrious career of laying the poor departed to rest, Digger immediately dug into his youngie year with enthusiasm. Not one to take abuse, he was always fighting for his rights, especially those concerning filling his stomach.

Emerging as a class leader, he organized many of our class social functions, being rewarded for many jobs, well done, with two stripes in watch II. He kept his engine room shiny as his nose and the smile on his face.

Being a barber, he found the short cut through the chain of command and solved many problems in rapid fashion.

To Paul we wish smooth sailing on his yacht, a full plate, and a rewarding career in whatever he chooses.

DAVID L. HOWES

Whig Street
Dennis, Massachusetts

"Bogger"

Cadet Lieutenant, Shellback, Gull Society, Track Team, Horizontal Club.

What's that strange rig across the canal, A breeches bouy? Yes, it's the Bogger escaping from the Cod Island Republic to join the mainlanders at the maritime academy. Dave came aboard armed with a lobster license, a quick wit, and a great desire for a set of beach gear.

Dave's great respect for authority and undying devotion to duty won him top honors as "supervised life boat lowerer" when it came time for the honors to be handed out. We know that with this great experience and his great ability, Dave will rise to great heights in the maritime field.

LEONARD ARTHUR CAIGER

93 Baker Street
West Roxbury, Mass.

"Spooky"

Cadet Lieutenant, Birdland Lounge, Muster Staff, Band, Shellback, P.H. Folly.

Eighty-six — the Bay State is haunted! This was the cry that echoed to the depths of the Bay State when "Lazarus" arrived on board.

Since that date, there have been few pieces of machinery aboard that have escaped the prying searches of his inquisitive hands.

A very industrious person, Fritz was awarded two stripes and the position of leader in the P-H Folly. His artwork in this year's *Muster* is a source of amusement to all and embarrassment to some — as a glance through the yearbook will prove.

Lenny enjoys life to the fullest; from his notorious sorties to and from the academy on weekends, to the annual cruises when he could always be found "Spooking" the Chinamen in the laundry.

With his sharp engineering knowledge— and sharper pen—he will go far in his seagoing career.

WALLACE K. BARTLETT

83 Church Street
Mansfield, Massachusetts

"Bart"

Football Co-capt, Shellback, Cadet Lieutenant, Muster Staff, P.M. Aquatic Club, Night Riders.

The only man to enter the academy from a height of 40,000 feet, Bart dived complete with football uniform and chute.

Outstanding athletic ability awarded "Crescent" half ownership in the football team. This plus two stripes in "God's Little Acre", kept our boy busy. An avid member of the Pen-Pals Incorporated, Bart was usually good for a one-night stand.

Not one to remain idle on weekends (when he didn't have the duty), Wally enrolled in extension courses in teaching and nursing.

Whether to choose a Baker-Nunn camera, or a Plath Sextant is the big decision now. In time the answer will come, and along with it best wishes for a prosperous future.

JAMES JOSEPH MOONEY, JR.

80 Tyndale Street
Roslindale, Massachusetts

"Reverend"

Cadet Lieutenant, Newman Club, Football Manager, 20-20 Club, Shellback.

At the beginning of our youngie year Jimmy could never be found when wanted for some menial chore. It wasn't until the cruise, when he became a permanent member of the galley staff, that we discovered he was still with us.

It was during our second job year that the Reverend emerged as the leader of our spiritual life. As President of the Newman Club, he was forever trying to have us follow his example and return to the ways of the Lord.

Not one to waste words, Jim managed to spend as little time as possible on the "Bay State", claiming better opportunities for study at home. Nontheless, we wish Jim a rewarding future.

JOHN H. CASHMAN

1A Prairie Street
West Concord, Massachusetts

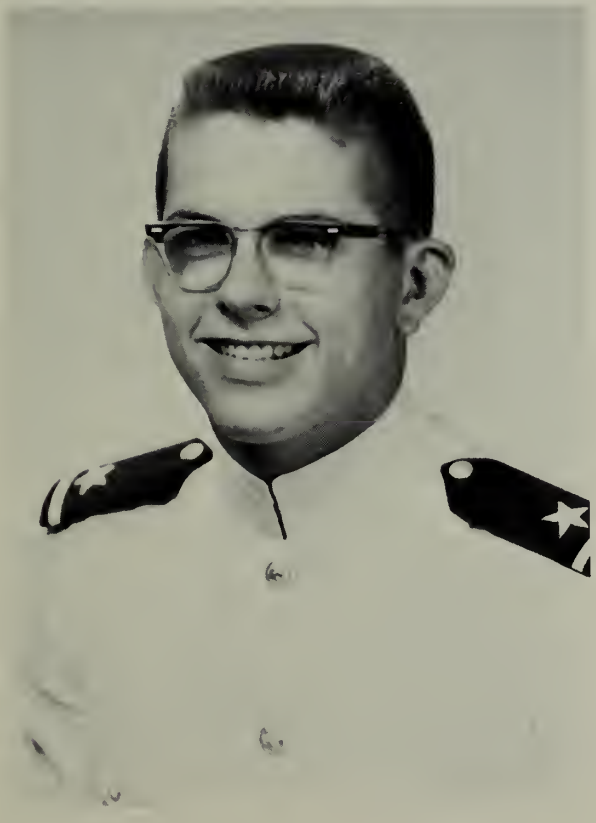
"Angles"

Cadet Ensign, Muster, Horizontal Club.

From the green tables of West Concord High came the boy with all the angles.

Jack's first outstanding feat during his stay here was to read a book. Not just any old book, but *the* book. Shortly thereafter, during our second class cruise, the theories of this epistle were put into action. Successful they were! Even to the extent of a stripe in 3rd Division for his efforts.

However, all good things must come to an end, and this ran true to form. A born talker and firm believer in the principles of Maverick, we feel Jack will fill any inside straight that heads his way.



ARVID FRANK SUNDQUIST

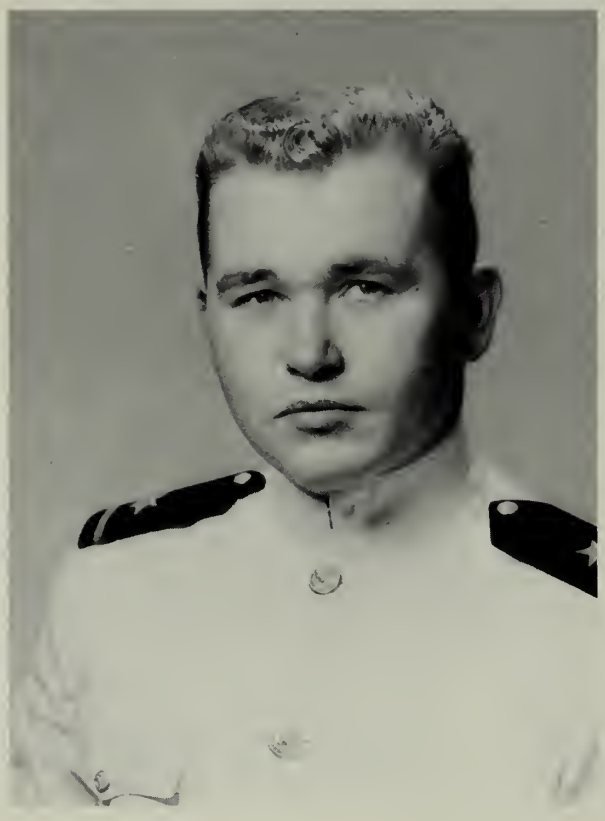
18 Marion Street
Hingham, Massachusetts

"Harpo"

Cadet Ensign, Baseball Manager, Shellback, Horizontal Club, Night Rider, 20-20 Club.

Blazing out of Hingham on his cycle, averaging 85 MPH, came the only veteran hat-man of our class, Arvid "War Story" Sundquist. Jimmy, Mario, and George were his idols, from whom he gained his great quality to carry out what he says he's going to do. Squeaking through his first two years he almost stumbled on a high hurdled Naval Science course in his final year, but he blazed across the finish line.

His numerous companions included one whose head was run over by a steam roller, Miss Freon 12, one who is only known by the shooting down of a lamp shade, and finally Miss Southern Charm, who has converted Harpo to the Biloxi Bombers. We wish Harpo all the luck in the world with his first job on the Delta Lines sailing out of OLD MISS.



MICHAEL G. SWEENEY

140 Cottage Park Road
Winthrop, Massachusetts

"Nebbish"

Cadet Ensign, Rifle Club President, Ring Committee, Chaos Committee, Muster Staff, Circle K.

Forsooth, a dragon cometh! In the guise of a Nebbish, Miguel Swenya — Terror of the Pampas and famous Latin Lover — appeared at our doorstep.

Undaunted by his slow start, Mike soon proved his worth. Favorably endowed with a fine sense of rhythm, though a little off in his timing, Sweens nonetheless managed to come out on top, and for his efforts, was rewarded with one stripe and the custody of the Ship's Mascots.

We feel sure that in the years to come, our rolly-polly Apollo with his navigational prowess, will never go down at sea.

ERNEST SCOTT DEWIS

971 Worcester Road
Natick, Massachusetts

"Sweat"

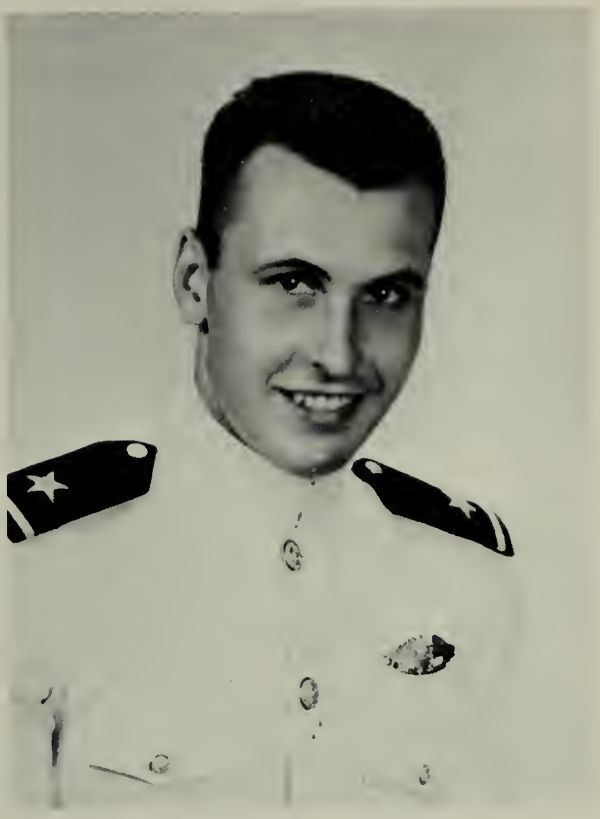
Cadet Ensign, Honor Guard, Circle K Vice-President, Shellback, Alpine Club.

Jovially bouncing up the gangway one ominous August morning, came our boy Ernie, ready to tame the world and twice as wild.

Hard working and industrious, he loved a little fun. After straightening out a few cases of mistaken identity, from which he emerged unscared (almost), he spent most of his time telling us about those cruises— especially the one to the islands.

Ernie was never one to sluff off on the books though, and we can remember many a night when he was boning up on the old Ships Co. and Navsci.

But all's well that ends well, and with your smiling disposition Ernie, you are bound for the top.



PAUL RICHARD LOPES

250 Shaw Road
Fairhaven, Massachusetts

"Chico"

Cadet Ensign, Cross Country Captain, Desperation Quartet, Circle K, Ring Dance Committee, Shellback.

After a brief swim, our boy Paul arrived aboard the Bay State with gloves, sweat socks, and some strange ideas. Many of us owe much to his capable hands, for without them justice would have prevailed.

"Chico" wasted no time after taps, and was soon noticed as a very able seaman. True recognition came when Paul was selected for a stripe. It was well deserved, at least according to his classmates.

To Paul we wish the best of luck, but with his unusual abilities, we doubt that he'll need it.

ROBERT BRUCE CHEYNE

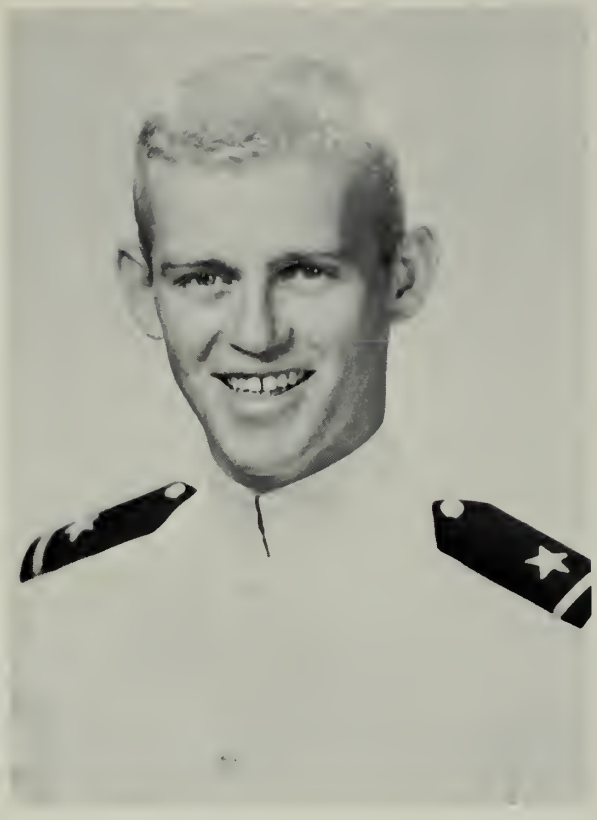
230 Main Street
Foxboro, Massachusetts

"Tiger"

Cadet Ensign, Band, Bowling, Alpine Club, Shellback.

Meow! Out of the wilds of Foxboro comes the cry of "tiger," the self-supposed terror of his third class subordinates. Reporting on board back in August of '59, Bob was bound and determined to be a "good youngie." Never having been to Europe, Bob looked forward to his youngie cruise as an educational and cultural experience. Yes, he learned many things, ranging from exotic Spanish dances in Valencia, to how to fight Roman traffic on a motor bike. But of all his cruises, this year's proved to be the most interesting to him; St. Lucia no doubt stands foremost in his mind. Who knows, we may find "Old Clapper Cat" right back down there after graduation.

Well, whatever he does, we wish him the best of luck and know that our cadet ensign and steam martinet will be as beloved by his superiors, peers, and subordinates in any future service he chances.



WILLIAM MICHAEL MALLETT

27 Mountain Avenue
Melrose, Massachusetts

"Duck"

Cadet Ensign, Chaos Committee, Football, Circle K, Muster Staff, Ring Committee.

Winging his way South, as all good ducks do each fall, Bill landed on the decks of the Bay State and decided to pleasure-cruise it for a while. Not all was pleasure-cruising for our web footed friend, but he soon maintained his study average at a respectful level, and through hard work and perseverance, found himself the owner of one stripe.

Among his many outstanding traits, there is the one which is known and beloved by all. This infamous characteristic has enabled Bill to put a finishing touch on any topic held forth for discussion. The main topics of Bill's discourses were concerned with Religion, politics, and other subjects dear to his heart. The "Duck" always had the show stopper whether in phraseology or songwriting.

A personable young man and a staunch seaman, his classmates wish him the best of luck, but with his lifelong friend, I. W. Harper, we are all sure that he will succeed.

RALPH D. WARREN

1 Pickering Street
Salem, Massachusetts

"Spike"

Cadet Ensign, Circle K, Muster Staff, Shellback, Baseball, Football (Manager), Phi ReKappa Tread.

One of the more quiet and studious members of the class, Spike's knack for management has been proven time and time again. He even managed to get accepted to the exclusive Phi ReKappa Tread Fraternity.

In our first class year, Spike was given the honor of becoming the first Athletic Squad Cadet Officer. Along with the newly formed Athletic Board, Spike did a commendable job under the circumstances.

Only once did our boy deviate from the straight and narrow. However, thanks to the timely arrival of the Bunny Bread man, justice—in a sense—prevailed.

Good luck in the future, Spike, be it a farm in Kalamazoo or flight school at Pensacola.

CARL EARLE HINDLE

113 Reed Road
Westport, Massachusetts

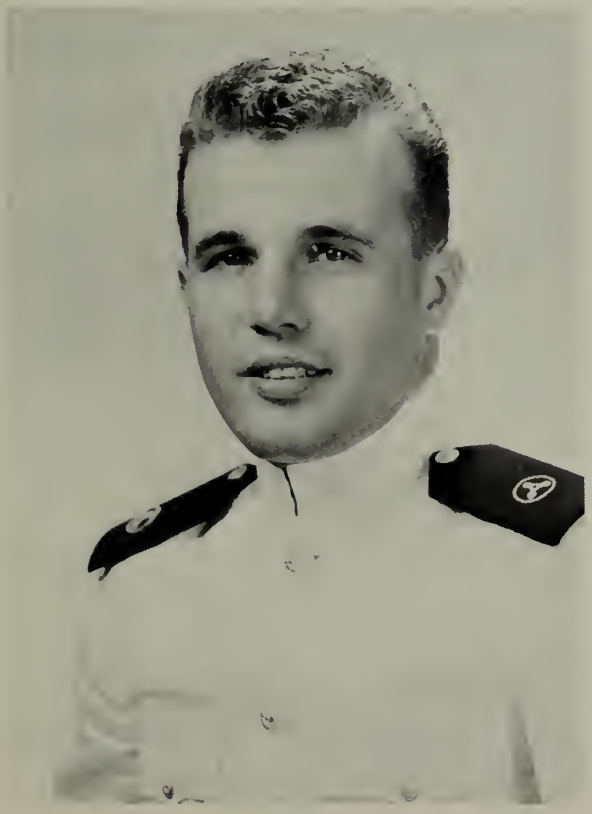
"Carl"

Baseball, Football, Horizontal Club, Weightlifting Club, Band (Master).

Like a bull moose after the spring thaw, Carl entered the academy with one thought, Do or Die! With sax in hand he soon rose to become the leader of the illustrious band.

Although we didn't quite measure up to the standards of the Alantis, Carl could often be heard expounding on the virtues of MMA whether walking or sleeping.

Carl proved himself invaluable to his class in many of our ports of call and we know he will do the same, be it the "Merchies" or the Navy. Go get'em, Bambi.



THOMAS REYNOLDS AYLESBURY

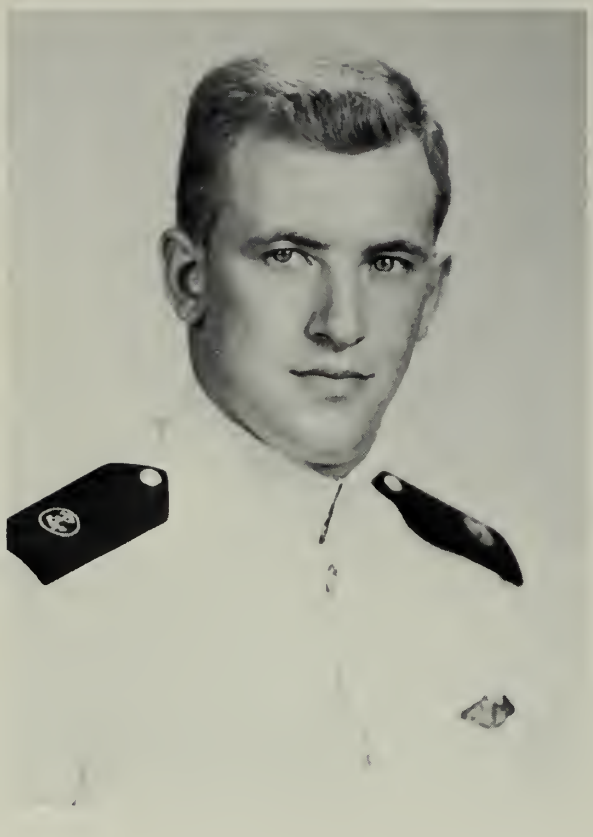
44 Howard Road
Medford, Massachusetts

"Terrific"

Football, Baseball, 20-20 Club, Horizontal Club, Newman Club, Shellback.

The "little toy soldier" strutted onto our parade grounds that fateful day, straight from the campus of his many prep schools. It didn't take him too long to find the "deals" and shortcuts in our third class year. Tom's athletic ability also favored him in the eyes of the first-classmen and he found himself with extra liberties. When it came time for us to depart on our cruises, we found that Tom had some strings attached to the dock that were pretty hard to part from; those cruises never went too fast for him.

Now, however, we are getting ready for our C.G. exams, and Tom is very busy preparing for the future. We all know, no matter what Tom decides to take, his "Ipana" smile and perseverance should pull him and the strings through to the best things possible.



ELLSWORTH J. BROWN

43 Deerborn Avenue
Hampton, New Hampshire

"Butch"

Century Club President, Shellback, Aquatic Club, Football, Night Riders, Sunday Session Club.

Roaring its way from Hampton to Hank's, and Hank's to the Gulch, the "Green Hornet" screeched to a halt at the foot of the gangway. Amidst the rattle of empty Knicks appeared a "Rodentia Extraordinaire."

Gnawing his way through several terms of classes, Butch finally emerged at the top of the class in both marks and demerits.

Quick as lightning and elusive as a mouse being chased by a cat, he proved that even with a shortage of toes, he could still play football.

With his agile mind and vast navigational knowledge, he is sure to become a success. We all hope that complacency doesn't overtake him before his prevailing good luck does.

PAUL HOWARD CASSIDY

127 Woodlawn Street
Everett, Massachusetts

"Dyma"

Football, Newman Club, Horizontal Club, Buffalo AC, Demolition Team, Saint Lucia Jail.

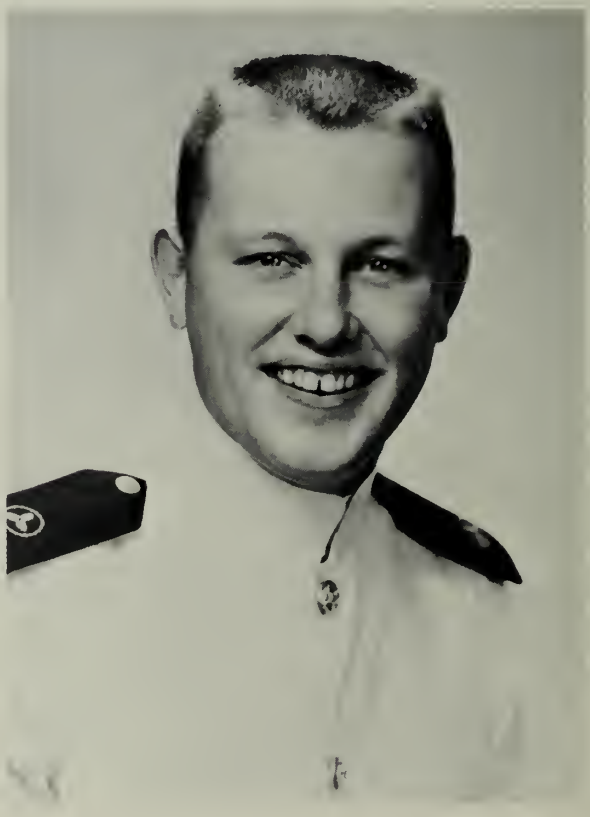
A noisy question and answer period for MMA began when Baby Huey arrived. Statistics flowed from the Baby Megaphone, no facts were too obscure to long stay unquoted by the Everett Quiz Kid.

"Pace yourself, slow down, kid." this being Dyma's philosophy of life, made him the happiest, most carefree member of our class. A born leader, Paul was always first in the chow line or in the sack.

Huey took great delight in talking of his future round-the-world cruise in the Valhalla; his plans and ideas of picketing anything, anywhere; and his cruise highlight, the Castries Jail Affair.

Facts and figures made a television appearance at Faneuil Hall and would have said a few words for the presidential candidate, JFK, until he remembered that it was a school night.

Although Paul couldn't make good his TV debut, we feel sure that our boisterous friend will make himself well heard wherever he goes.



THOMAS J. BYRNE

2 Knoll Road
Lynnfield, Massachusetts

"Nutsy"

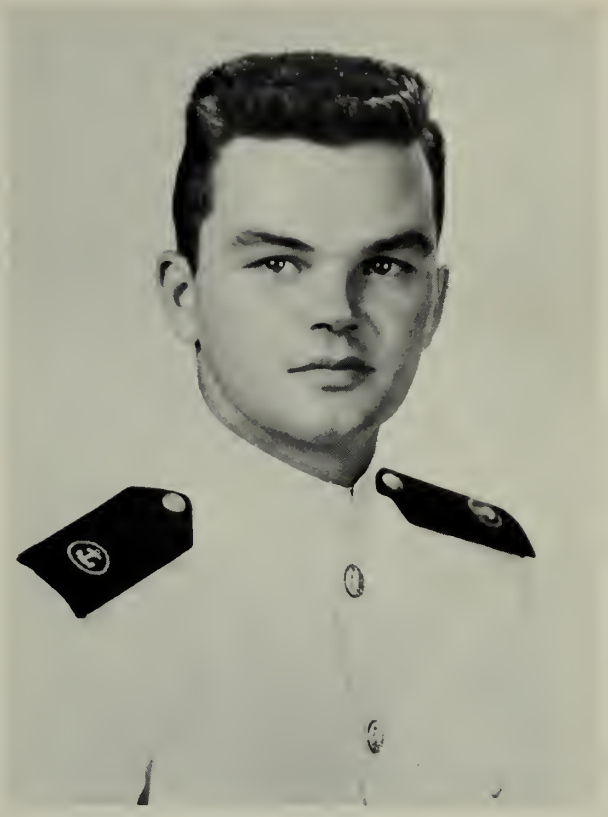
Horizontal Club VP, S.S.S.S., Shellback, Night Riders, Rifle Club, Football.

"But sir, I'm on the binnacle list." Upon uttering these words, well rehearsed, our keeper of the Z's would fall back on his pillow, out like a light, much to the dismay of the assistant officer in charge of the front porch.

Thanks to the invention of the Baker's Cyst, Tom's hands were unmarred by blisters or callouses.

Dividing his free time between New Bedford and Marshfield. Nutsy became a familiar sight on the highways astride one of his numerous White Horses.

Be it the Sea or further studies into the vagaries of medicine, we all wish the best of luck to the person most capable of filling a whole room full of upper cuts.



JAMES RICHARD CAVANAUGH

1485 River Street
Hyde Park, Massachusetts

"Turtle"

Newman Club, Football, Labby's Brigade, Horizontal Club, 20-20 Club Shellback.

Turtle, alias Cav, came to us from the swamp regions of Hyde Park. Cav was soon enlisted in Harry's Navy, where he received his first practical course in engineering—that of being a preheater. Jim's work capacity was cut short in his second class year due to a crack in his shell. Recovering in time for the cruise, Turtle showed us just how fast our shellbacked friends can move in social circles.

Never taking part in arguments or disputes, he can always be found behind the scenes. A very active member of Bing's Boys, Tortuga could usually be found in the horizontal position, or on liberty.

We wish Casanova Cav luck in the future and we know he'll go far, whether it's on a BOAC or a BOAT.

JAMES CAMPBELL

34 Warren Avenue
Marshfield, Massachusetts

"Jim"

Football Co-capt, Chaos Committee, Weight-lifting Team, Night Riders, P.M. Aquatic Club, Century Club.

The Clan Campbell's contribution to MMA arrived in a Cohasset lobster dory, and we quickly became aware of his presence, both on the gridiron and in the classroom. Soupy was not one to take any gas from anyone, and soon proved he could dish out his share when the spirits moved him. His aggressive spirit proved him to be a useful man on liberty, and was to a large measure the reason for his being selected to share the leadership of the football team.

The drive he has shown in the chow line, we feel, is typical of the drive he will show in future endeavors. Best of luck, Jim.

JAMES LEO DOLAN

21 Sheehan Road
Lynn, Massachusetts

"Jim"

Newman Club, Honor Guard, Birdland Lounge, Horizontal Club, Shellback, Alpine Club.

From Jim's first day, he could not resist the urge to keep his classmates in humor, especially after taps at the expense of a select few.

Jim had been around before we left on our first cruise and even for him it was a new and unique experience. Fortunately, during our second cruise, Jim added his talents to the already overcrowded laundry just to help his pal, Doug. Time seems to fly while one works, so before Jim knew it, all that was left to do was to go home. It's not that Jim liked work, he just spent all his time avoiding it.

We are sure Jim will be successful with his ready wit and tireless energy.

VINCENT MICHAEL FEDERICO

567 East Sixth Street
South Boston, Massachusetts

"Vinny"

Circle K, Honor Guard, Football, Shellback, Century Club, Horizontal Club.

"Southie, Southie — My home town!"
Complete with a shamrock in his lapel and a set of orders from the Mafia, Vinny entered a new way of life. The youngest member of our class was taken under the kind and understanding wing of Baljoni, along with the Count. Not one to be homesick, Vin spent many a week-end aboard just to prove this. Why go home when you have the love and affection of Seagulls down here?

Maturity came quickly to Vinnie, and his first class year showed a squared-away seaman and navigator.

Be it Maritime Service or Navy, best of luck in all your ventures.

JAMES EDWARD GRADY

6 Paul Road
Medford, Massachusetts

"Guano"

Newman Club, Muster Staff, Shellback, Lathe Sitters Union, Phi Beta Tread, Watch V.

Tired of the rolling hills of Medford, Jim decided on a little Cape vacation. After his first year, he was almost condemned to a life of seamanship and navigation, but due to a "toot", his vacation was extended and he was given another chance, this time at the world of vacuums, pressures, and temperatures. Jim made good however, and in his last few years was known as one of the better light bulb and battery men.

A few metacentric miscalculations gave Guano a close call, but aside from this and a few ill-fated trips to the Deaconess Hospital, he could usually be found taking part in discussions about life.

A fine friend to all, ambition will carry Jim far in the future.

JAN M. FRASER

Megansett Road
Bourne, Massachusetts

"Gluck"

Band, Basketball, Foreign Correspondent, Shellback, Phi ReKappa Tread, Night Riders.

Tall and raw-boned like his idol, Abraham Lincoln, Jan made quite a sight as he deeked and flapped his way through his stay at the academy.

Having "G" above "M" was no problem for our Jan. He always remained calm and collected while under pressure. Altruisms was probably the most pronounced virtue of the Gluck. He is even planning to start a drive to provide ocean trips to a good many of the unfortunates whom he feels are most deserving.

With his vast amounts of "salts" and acute understanding we are sure Jan will make a fine officer, be it Navy or Merchy.

EDWARD PETER HALEY

15 Torrey Street
Brockton, Massachusetts

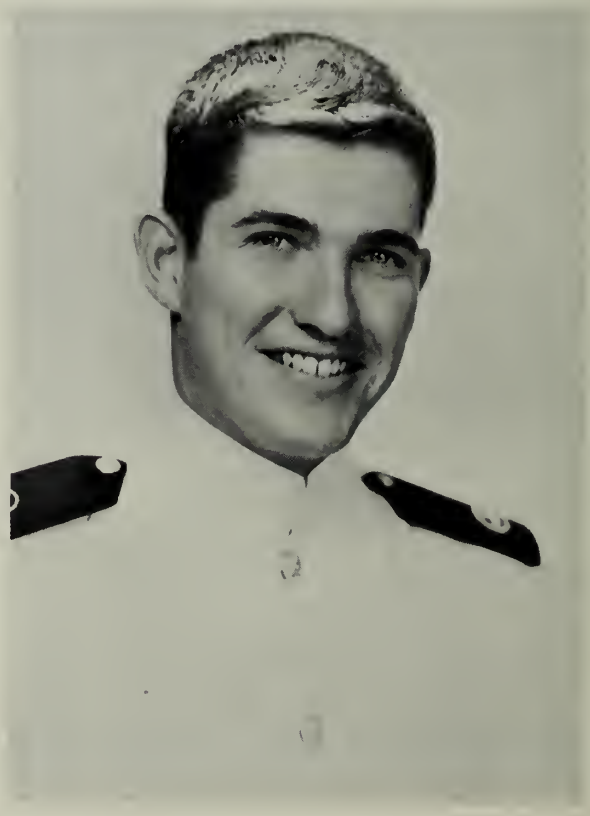
"Yogi"

Newman Club, Circle K, Horizontal Club, Watch V, Shellback.

Yogi came to MMA not as a stranger, but from "Rips Rest" just across the Bay. Yogi is a classic example of sharp, quick wit; and in these three years, he has instilled within us all a taste for his appropriately timed humorisms, both in and out of the classroom.

Our friendly bear, in quest for knowledge from the proper angle, would brave all elements to gain his honey. During the summer when Yogi was not entangled with the late "J.C.", he could be found either co-piloting the blue bomber around on Cape Cod or bee lining for Marion.

We feel Peter's bustling manner, genial personality, and fine eyesight will speed him in the gain of his Hingham special. Whether at "Jays", the "Tropical", or wherever he may go, we know he shall always be on top.



JAMES EMMETT McCLELLAN, JR.

8 Malden Street
Marshfield, Massachusetts

"Mac"

Football — 2, 3, Chaos Committee, Gull Society, Muster, Shellback, Night Riders.

"But fellas, I really am squared away!"

This refrain really had a ring of truth to it, but try and persuade that little group meeting in ships office! Actually Mac turned out to be one of the great intellects of the class. A connoisseur of the finer things in life, he could be found almost every weekend pursuing the muse at his Marshfield hideaway. Here our intent little group would gather and discuss the arts.

We know we'll be hearing many more good things about Jim as he climbs the ladder to success in his chosen field. And we're sure he will make a fine Merchie officer also.

HOWARD RUSSELL LEONARD

240 South Street
Holbrook, Massachusetts

"Tomato"

Circle K Club, Newman Club, Baseball Manager, Band, Charter Member of Watch V, Shellback.

A fugitive from the House of Heinz, Tomato left his captaincy at Holbrook to take up the role as middie at MMA. During Howie's youngie year he was engrossed as shoemaker for Litchfield and his time on the sewing machine gave him a well deserved Thanksgiving leave period. Excelling in Naval Science, Howie was given longevity.

After Slat's departure, Larry took over the compiling of the "All-Purpose Engineers' Manual". Howie now searches Jay's and the Hillside Museums in search of another "lonely" piece of art.

We know you will have great success whether you are in your cold horizontal position or on a ship going around the world. We send with you our wishes for a great future which you will deserve.

KEVIN O'DONNELL

18 Cleveland Road
Salem, Massachusetts

"Possiblé"

Baseball Capt, Shellback, Horizontal Club President, Phi ReKappa Tread, Spanish-American Club, Night Riders.

Early one morning a few years ago, a small box was found at the foot of the gangway. Closer inspection found a cuddly little raccoon curled up amidst piles of sports statistics. Scratching his head and mumbling something about "Es Possiblé" Kevin stumbled aboard to further his formal education.

A great diplomat, despite his quick and violent temper, Kevin's mastery of the Spanish Language enabled him to find more bargains than the rest of the shoppers on the cruise.

Captain of the Baseball team in his first class year, Kevin proved to be a competent leader as well as a pitcher.

Good luck in the Merchies, Kev. May nothing but the best befall you.

JOSEPH ALBERT NOLET

4 Lillian Road
Salem, Massachusetts

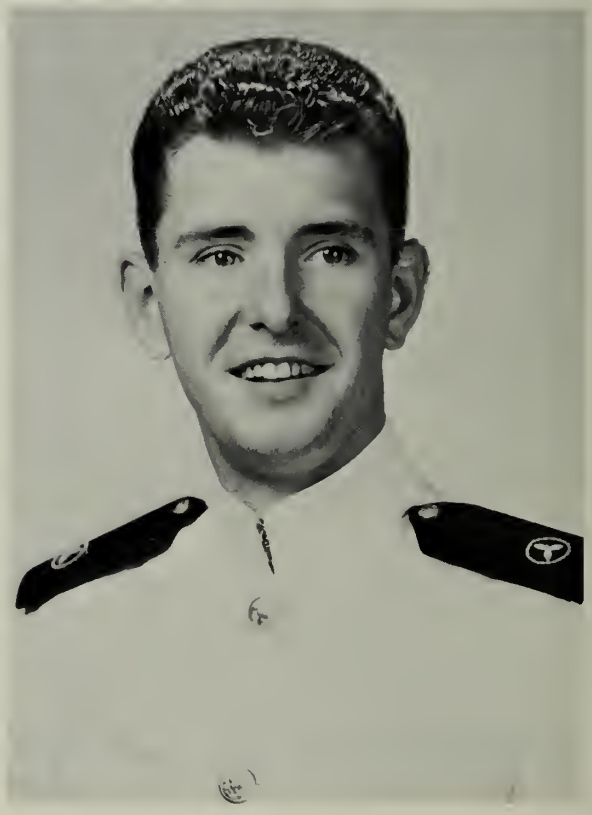
"Cha-Boom"

Newman Club, Honor Guard, Color Guard, Shellback, Lathe Sitting Union, Bowling.

Out of the Witch City came the dancing sensation, our boy "Cha". Arriving at the halls of MMA, he soon gave up the fine art of dancing to excel in refrigeration. He soon came forward with many frozen custards.

Cha was the originator of the "Five Big Deals", after finding the first behind the green door. He is the only man alive to shoot the Pope, that is with his dependable Brownie camera.

Although 15 days is not never, we all agree in wishing Cha good luck and clear sailing.



WILLIAM FRANCIS O'BRIEN

91 Baldwin Street
Charlestown, Massachusetts

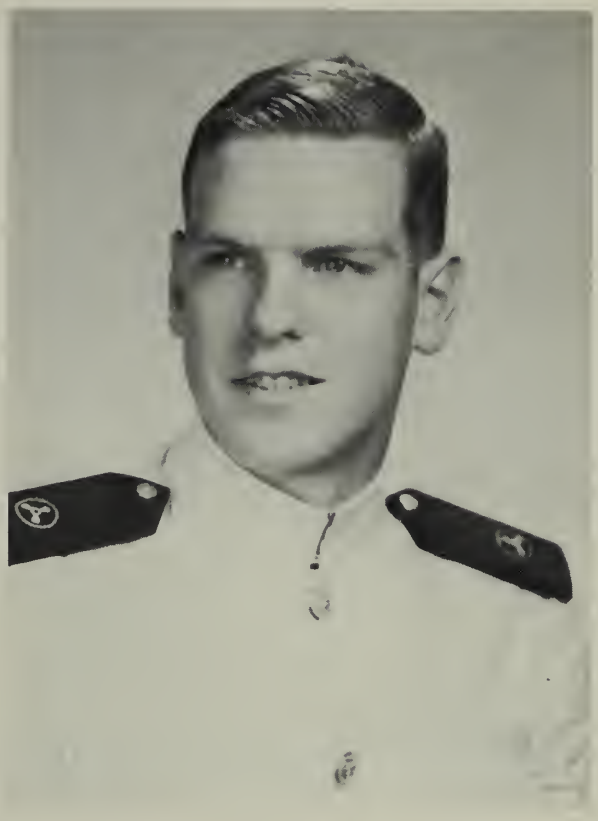
Football, Baseball, Newman Club, Debating Team, Shellback, Watch V.

Slush! Slush! Slush! On that fateful day in August 1959 there arrived aboard the "Maru" the pride of Bunker Hill, a real "church" man.

Bill could always be found complaining about any situation, especially those concerning leave periods. But in the end, good wins over evil, and the complaining stopped with an extra day.

Our star quarterback needed a big pin to get his right wing pitching again. Everyone was so concerned over it.

God speed and happy sailing to a never forgotten guy.



TIMOTHY VINCENT O'SULLIVAN, JR.

762 East Broadway
South Boston, Massachusetts

"Sully"

Newman Club, Century Club, Baseball, Buffalo A. C., Football, P. H. Folly.

Every St. Patrick's Day in Southie a tall figure with a glowing red face and a large tire around him will be leading the parade. Not one to brag of his ancestors, Sully is a walking example of his sturdy race.

Normally of mild temperament, Tim exploded everytime the Bay State touched the Republic of Panama, taking his vengeance on the unsuspecting populace for reasons unbeknown, even to himself.

As the silent member of the Buffalo A. C., Sully's athletic ability showed, whether in the field or in the hectic compartment contests.

If the luck of the Irish holds true, Sully is sure to succeed.

JOSEPH CHARLES PRONACK

231 Fayette Street
North Quincy, Massachusetts

"Gordo"

Ring Dance—Emcee, Saint Lucia Jail, Buffalo AC, Shellback, Horizontal Club.

Straight from the eight o'clock pick-up at the Army Base, riding his favorite, "Trigger", came our roly-poly pal, Gordo. He quickly gave us the impression of a quiet spoken prohibitionist. By cruise time however, it was evident that we made a grave mistake. His adventures on the cruises proved him very fun loving until that fateful day that we pulled into Texas and he heard that "Trigger" had fled from his barn. By the time our final cruise rolled around, Gordo had returned to his wandering ways, spending his extra liberty in the Castries Jail.

Now near the end, we all know that Joe's gifted oratorical ability and personality will carry him through any endeavor he will ever meet.

RUSSELL FREDERICK PROUTY

283 Copeland Street
Brockton, Massachusetts

"Doc"

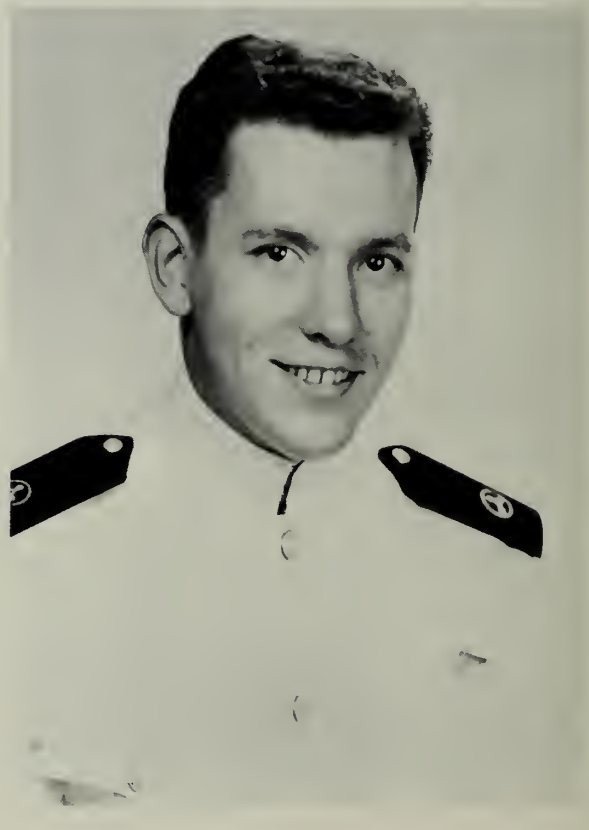
Rifle Club, Horizontal Club, Phi ReKappa Tread, Bowling, Shellback, Track.

WHOOOOOOO! From out of the mist came the man with the little black bag containing the tools of the trade. Doc set forth to prove that machines should be treated with care and patience.

On our cruises, Doc struck out on his own to explore the strange and wonderful sights of a newly visited foreign land coming back with many tales of adventure and intrigue.

After stumbling across a round block, Russ got up to prove his right to continue on, and after a struggle, achieved his objective.

We know that Russ will reach all his goals with our best wishes following him along.



GEORGE JOHN REILLY

12 Bay Street
Taunton, Massachusetts

"Major"

Newman Club, Circle K, Honor Guard, Watch I Old Grad, Horizontal Club, Bowling.

The Mighty Mouse came to MMA with many novel ideas, among those was to improve on the two gangways of the Bay State.

Due mainly to Major's aggressiveness and connections, by his second job year he was well established as one of the up and coming fuel oil kings; due to unforeseen circumstances he took charge of the laundry instead. In this capacity he kept the upper job engineers complimenting him daily during our last cruise.

We'll all hope Major has the best of luck in the future and maybe he *will* marry that girl someday!

PETER ANDERSON RICHT

578 Weld Street
West Roxbury 32, Massachusetts

"Boris"

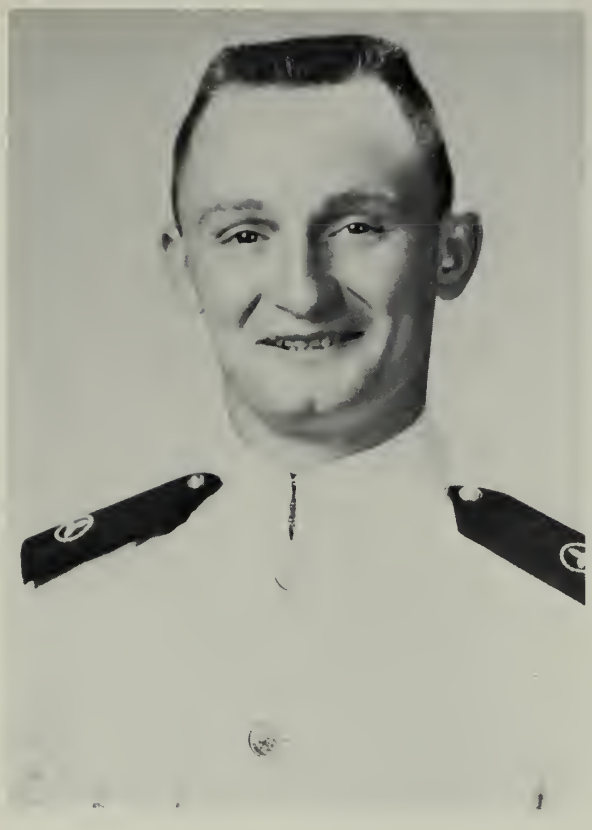
Birdland Lounge, 20-20 Club, Labby's Brigade, Shellback.

"Aoogah!" heralds in our own Boris Pisnarkis as he heads for the compartment to assume the horizontal. Peter is outstanding in our class, being fast of foot and long of limb.

During our final year, Peter really proved his worth as a classmate and as a good friend. Many's the time that he's actually given the shirt off his back to aid a friend, and to him all people are friends.

Many of us remember the day that Pete tried to imitate the movie stunt of jumping from tree to horse, except that instead of a tree, Pete thought the after engine room grating would do just as well.

Best of luck in the future to a guy whom people couldn't help but like.



CHARLES PAUL SMITH

21 Water Street
Saugus, Massachusetts

"Dimes"

Phi ReKappa Tread, Watch III Old Guard, Horizontal Club, Alpine Club, Shellback, Demolition Team.

"Young man, I've worn out more seabags that you have socks," said thirdclassman "Pop" Smith to the Battalion Adjutant, and well nigh it might have been, for the Navy's barnacle encrusted contribution to MMA that year—so long ago—had just finished a tour of duty on Uncle Sam's aircraft carriers and in the submarine service.

Dimes' great talent for procrastination in the academic field and his great love for the twenty-five cent saga of the plains could only be matched by his magnetic attraction to anything which resembled a bunk. Beyond any doubt, Charlie's magnanimous personality and his unexcelled talent for attracting friends will stand him in good stead in the future. We are all sure that this grand old man from Winthrop will succeed in anything onto which he lays his hand.

MICHAEL JOSEPH STACK

36 Merrymount Road
South Weymouth, Massachusetts

"Mike"

Muster Staff, Honor Guard, Color Guard, Baseball, Newman Club, Shellback.

How many nights have you been awakened by a bleary-eyed man in a white coat? Don't fret, Mike is here to see if you want that haircut now. In this manner we all came to know Mike.

An avid sportsman, he can always be depended upon for fair play and a keen interest. His popular song, "Twenty-four Little Hours", made the hit parade in his second class year. This privilege enabled him to advance well in class standing and overcome some obese burdens laid upon him.

Mike entered his first class year as a charter member of the P-H Folly. One of the stouter members, many a ventilation blower has benefitted from his almost constant attention.

We feel sure that with his sparkling personality and affable manner, Mike will succeed in any field of endeavor that he chooses.

CHARLES WYMAN THIBEDEAU

4 Chase Terrace
Beverly, Massachusetts

"Skip"

Ring Committee, Bowling, Shellback, Horizontal Club, Watch I Old Guard.

From the second birthplace of the American Navy, our Skip and his Texas Longhorn "Pal", arrived that dingy and mirky day back in August of '59, to begin that bright green life at sea. Skipper really blew up quite a storm down there in Cristobal on that interesting second job cruise and everyone has been talking about it since.

During his three years here, Skip and Willy have formed an oily relationship that at times overflowed with undue enthusiasm. All good things must come to an end and they certainly did when Charlie, as an upper job, drank some of God's forbidden fruit way down yonder in New Orleans. Say, Charlie, did you "have fun"? That's what it said on the glass. Oh yes, how was Mardi Gras?

Well, good luck and clear sailing to a good shipmate and friend.

PETER ANTHONY VERROCHI

53 Ceylon Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

"Duke"

Skater's Club, Canvas Back AC, Shellback, Alpine Club, Phi ReKappa Tread.

As president of the Skater's Club, the "Duke" has had many dangerous and harrowing experiences, proving himself equal to the task every time.

An avid hunter and woodsman, Pete will be most remembered for his most rewarding hunt, the bringing back of the Moosehead in Valparaiso, Chile.

One of the mainstays of Watch I, he could always be depended upon to do the biggest and hardest job the best.

As a friend and shipmate, one could ask for no better. We all wish Pete a rewarding career in the Merchies.

BARRY ROSS WEST

167 Russell Street
Springfield, Massachusetts

"Hernia"

Track Manager, Shellback, Newman Club, Flareback.

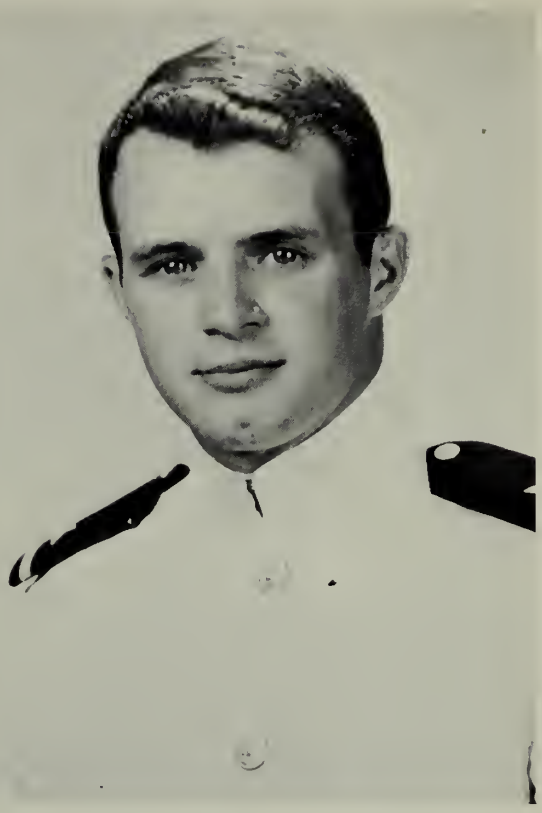
Barry came to us from the farming town of Springfield. He tried for three years to bring his classmates around to his way of thinking and in so doing, he brought much joy to the class. He was a great advocate and participant in class social functions—where was he? His inattendance was not due to his lack of female company as he often watched them from the balcony, or Friendly's Ice Cream Parlor, where he had quite a scoop.

After the first year here, Barry realized that working was sinful, and so joined the ranks of Watch IV, where the main object is to keep the bunk warm, at which he excelled.

We feel certain that Barry's shining personality and engineering "know how" will guide him down the road to success and smooth sailing.

JOSEPH E. KEANE

26 Milton Street
Somerville, Massachusetts



Rolling down to M. M. A. from the Cambridge-Somerville line, came Joe, with a Volkswagen for his weekends off, "Basher" quickly became an outstanding shipmate to all of us; even if he did believe (or did he?) certain scientific statements which gave some of us food for night-long arguments with him. By the way, does anyone have a scale for weighing the "light" from my flashlight.

His outstanding ability with the "slip stick" didn't help him with his algebra at first, but his practice and "turn-to" studying put him in the better half of his class. His knowledge of the "complex" electrical equipment aboard the "Bay State", as well as some real "off beat" subjects, which he was constantly reading about, aided him in getting his well deserved stripe in the P-H Folly.

We are all aware of the fact that Joe's efforts, and his alone, will be the determining factor in gaining his determined goals, what ever they may be.

1962 MUSTER INITIATES SECTION TO

Gentlemen:

With this issue of the MUSTER we have tried to develop a direct and we hope growing and continuing identification of the Alumni with the Academy.

PAUL C. MAGINNIS, '52
President

PHILIP C. MONAHON, '52
Vice-President

HARRY C. HOWE, '19
Sec.-Treasurer

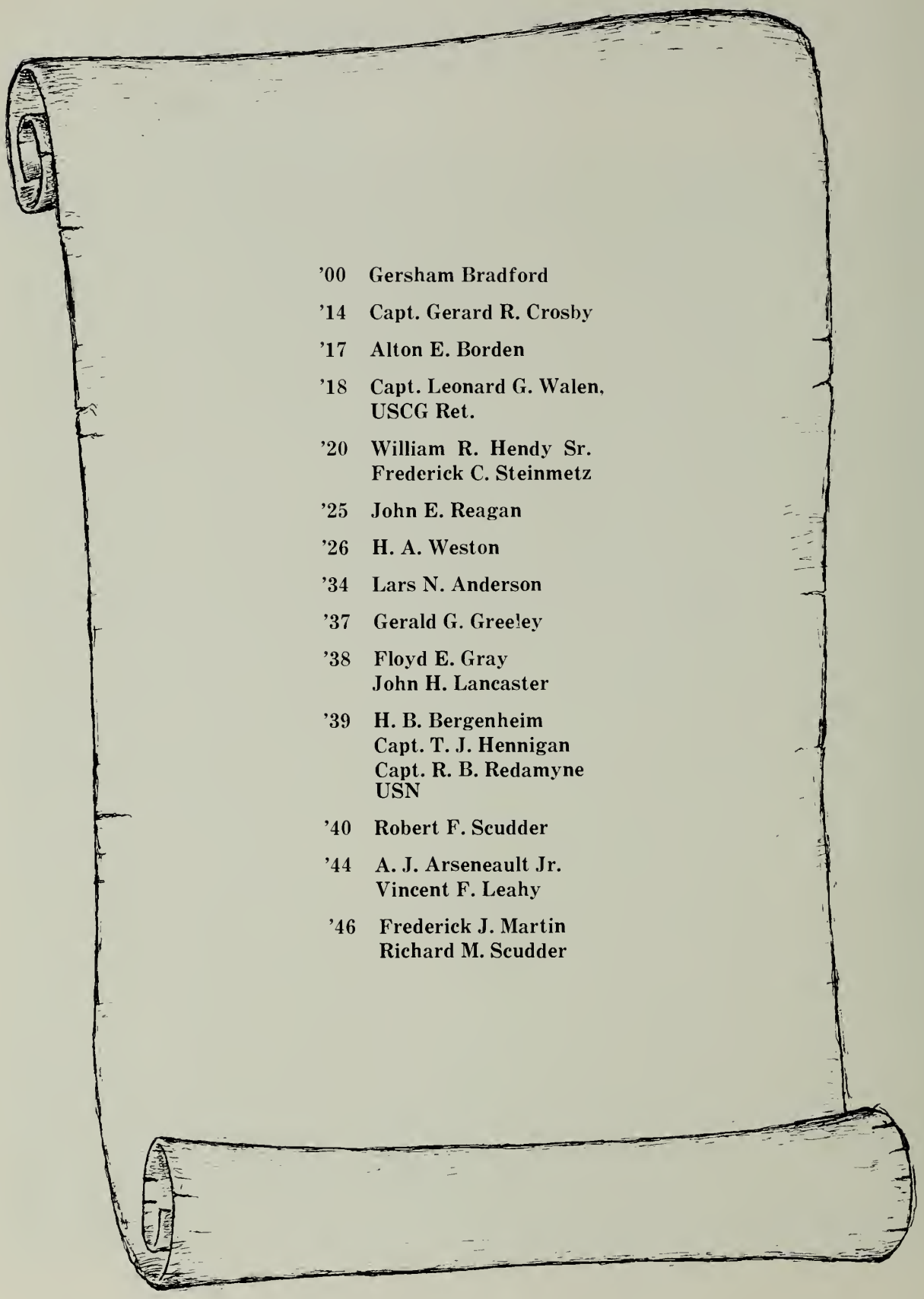
PROMOTE ACADEMY-ALUMNI RELATIONS

To this end, we have set aside this separate section for the Alumni and have solicited their assistance, both in financing the publication as well as in generating ideas to enlarge it, and give all our graduates an opportunity to "keep in touch".

As the Alumni patrons list shows a generous response was received this year, and we hope that these pioneers will be joined in subsequent years and that this section will become an important feature of future yearbooks.

Thank you,
The Editors

ALUMNI BOOSTERS



'00 Gersham Bradford

'14 Capt. Gerard R. Crosby

'17 Alton E. Borden

'18 Capt. Leonard G. Walen, USCG Ret.

'20 William R. Hendy Sr.
Frederick C. Steinmetz

'25 John E. Reagan

'26 H. A. Weston

'34 Lars N. Anderson

'37 Gerald G. Greeley

'38 Floyd E. Gray
John H. Lancaster

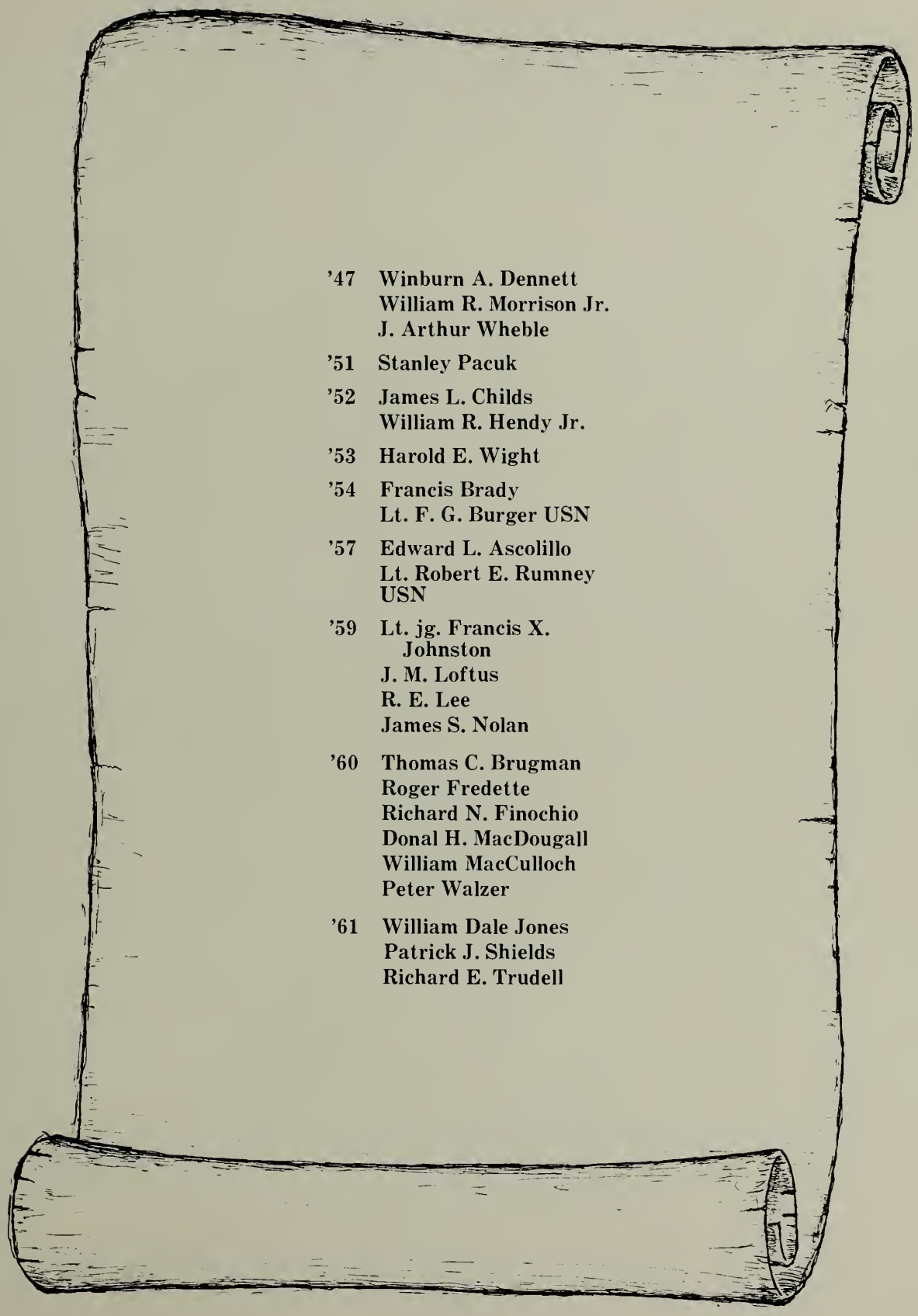
'39 H. B. Bergenheim
Capt. T. J. Hennigan
Capt. R. B. Redamyne USN

'40 Robert F. Scudder

'44 A. J. Arseneault Jr.
Vincent F. Leahy

'46 Frederick J. Martin
Richard M. Scudder

ALUMNI BOOSTERS



'47 Winburn A. Dennett
William R. Morrison Jr.
J. Arthur Wheble

'51 Stanley Pacuk

'52 James L. Childs
William R. Hendy Jr.

'53 Harold E. Wight

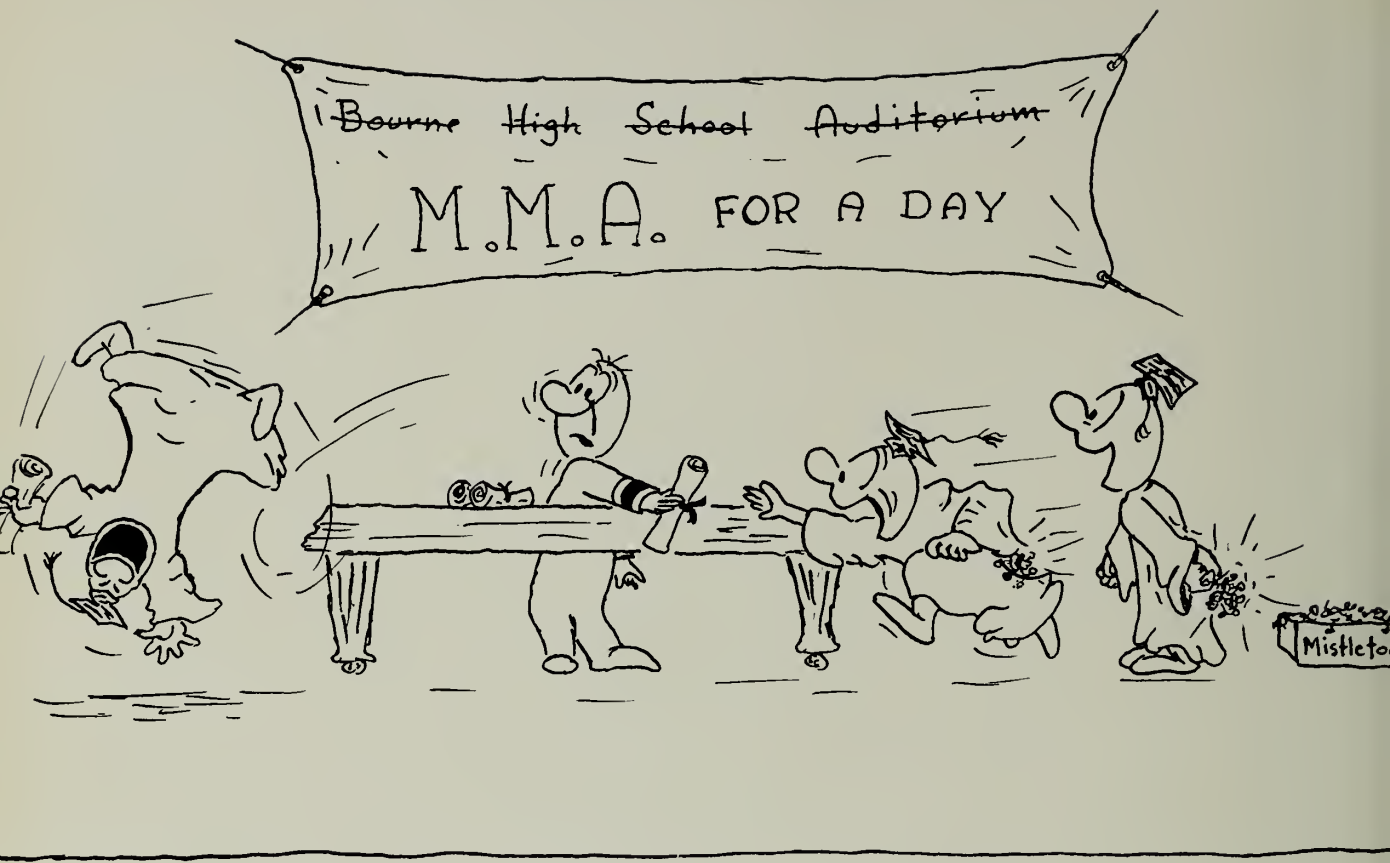
'54 Francis Brady
Lt. F. G. Burger USN

'57 Edward L. Ascolillo
Lt. Robert E. Rumney USN

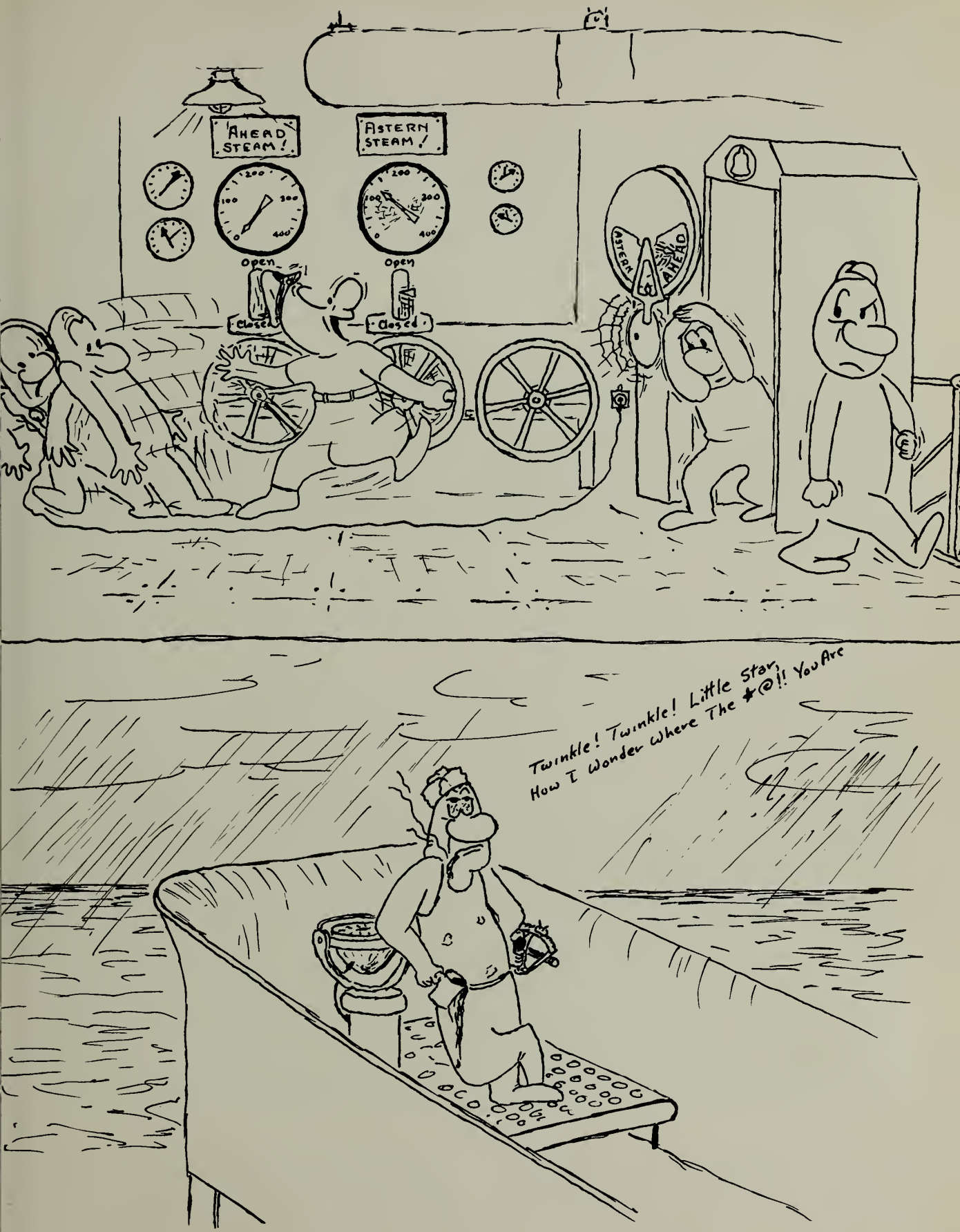
'59 Lt. jg. Francis X. Johnston
J. M. Loftus
R. E. Lee
James S. Nolan

'60 Thomas C. Brugman
Roger Fredette
Richard N. Finochio
Donal H. MacDougall
William MacCulloch
Peter Walzer

'61 William Dale Jones
Patrick J. Shields
Richard E. Trudell


~~Bourne High School Auditorium~~
M.M.A. FOR A DAY
Mistleto

You See, I'll Do Anything For Your Boys!!
Oh Boy! Steak For Dinner Tomorrow.
G.J.R. GANGWAY BUILDERS TAUNTON, MASS.
Grade C


AHEAD STEAM!
ASTERN STEAM!
Open
Closed
Open
Closed
ASTERN
AHEAD
Twinkle! Twinkle! Little Star,
How I Wonder Where The ★@!! You Are

SECOND CLASS

DECK

Front: Grinnell, Trainor, Gillis, Avakian, Lawrence, Byrne, Meuse, Ascollilo. **Rear:** Woronka, Coupal, Flanagan, Thorup, Brierly, Clemson, Travers, Landry, Haggerty, Muldowney, Holmstrom, Harkins, Graham, Bruce, West, Richards. **Unshown:** Brace, Huyghe, Raymond, Stone.

ENGINE

Front: Winroth, Barthel, Fenton, Landry, Wright, McLellan, Hoey, Kimball, Wingate. **Rear:** Caron, Lamb, Hobson, Estabrooks, Cronin, Butler, Elfbaum, Hanisailo, Gilmor, Volkin, Strudas, Pickering, Kelley, Barker, Duprey, Simpson, Granger, Newton, Santavicca, Kenny, Baraldi, Steverman, Collins. **Unshown:** Arnett, Dolan, Keiley, LaCrosse, Travers, Walsh.

THIRD CLASS

GROUP A

Front: Peabody, Snow, Benn, Briggs, Crowley, Crane, Fears, Taddia, McGinn, Donovan. **Rear:** Olander, McNeil, Zinnack, Coffin, Kelly T., Fox, Harrison, McNamara, Flanagan L., Farris, Colby, Hartnett, Miller, Quirk, Jarzobski, Crovo, Dwyer, Cunningham, Slade, Downing, Richard, McGravey. **Unshown:** Sullivan D., Mahoney, White.

GROUP B

Front: Quintero, Kuechler, Tichon, Flanagan W., Mahegan, Vinneau, O'Toole, Sullivan W., Griffin. **Rear:** Sexton, Gillis, Brunstrom, Leydon, McQuade, Gibbons, Cass, Fitzpatrick, Chester, Sweeney, Kelly P., Foley, Olson, Flannery, Robbins. **Unshown:** Brunell, Coughlin, Coyne, Jones, Leonard, Moriarty, Palmer.

WATCH I

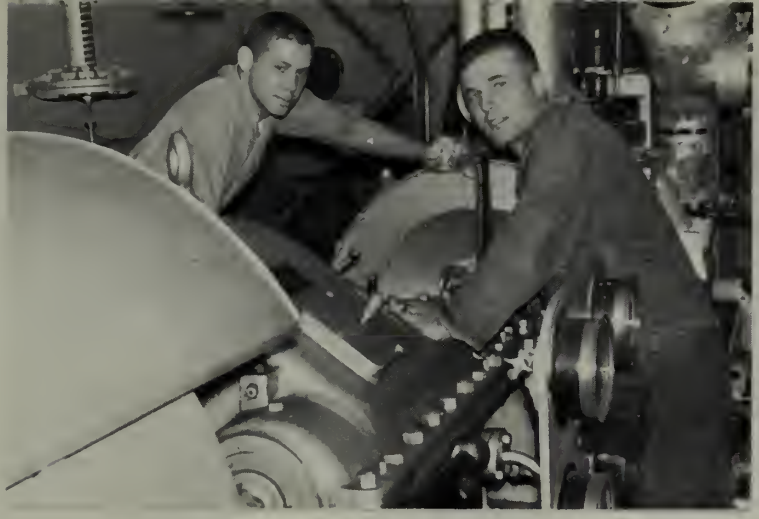
LCDR Wright
Verrochi
Nolet
Sundquist
Tautkus
Lt. MacLeod
Lacasse
Reilly
Thibedeau
Pronack

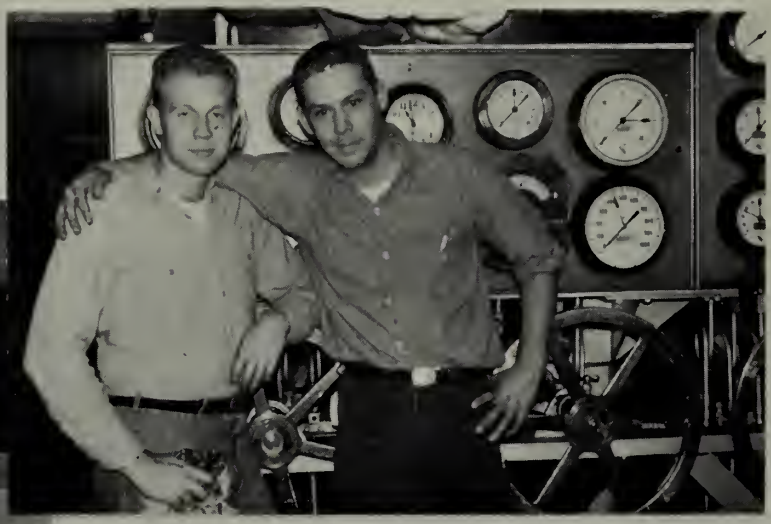
FIRST DIVISION

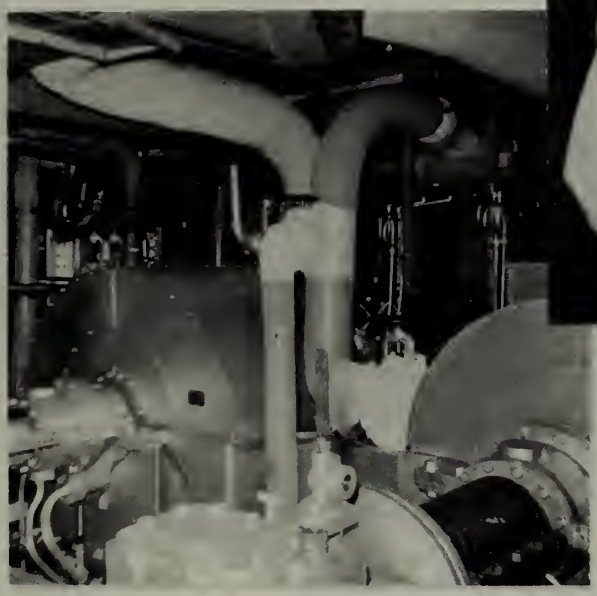
Cmdr. J. M. Cease
Edward M. Timoney
Thomas J. Byrne
James B. Campbell
Carl E. Handle
William M. Mallett

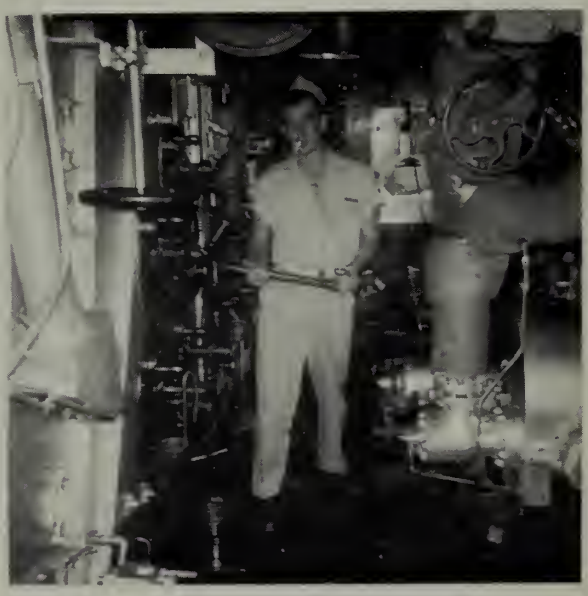
WATCH II

Aylesbury
Dewis
Doherty
Prouty
Lt. Tonello
Delan
Hennigan
Richt









SECOND DIVISION

LCDR MacNaughton
Howes
Sweeney
McClellan
Fernald
Frasen

WATCH III

O'Sullivan
Grady
Cassidy
Stack
Smith
Caiger

THIRD DIVISION

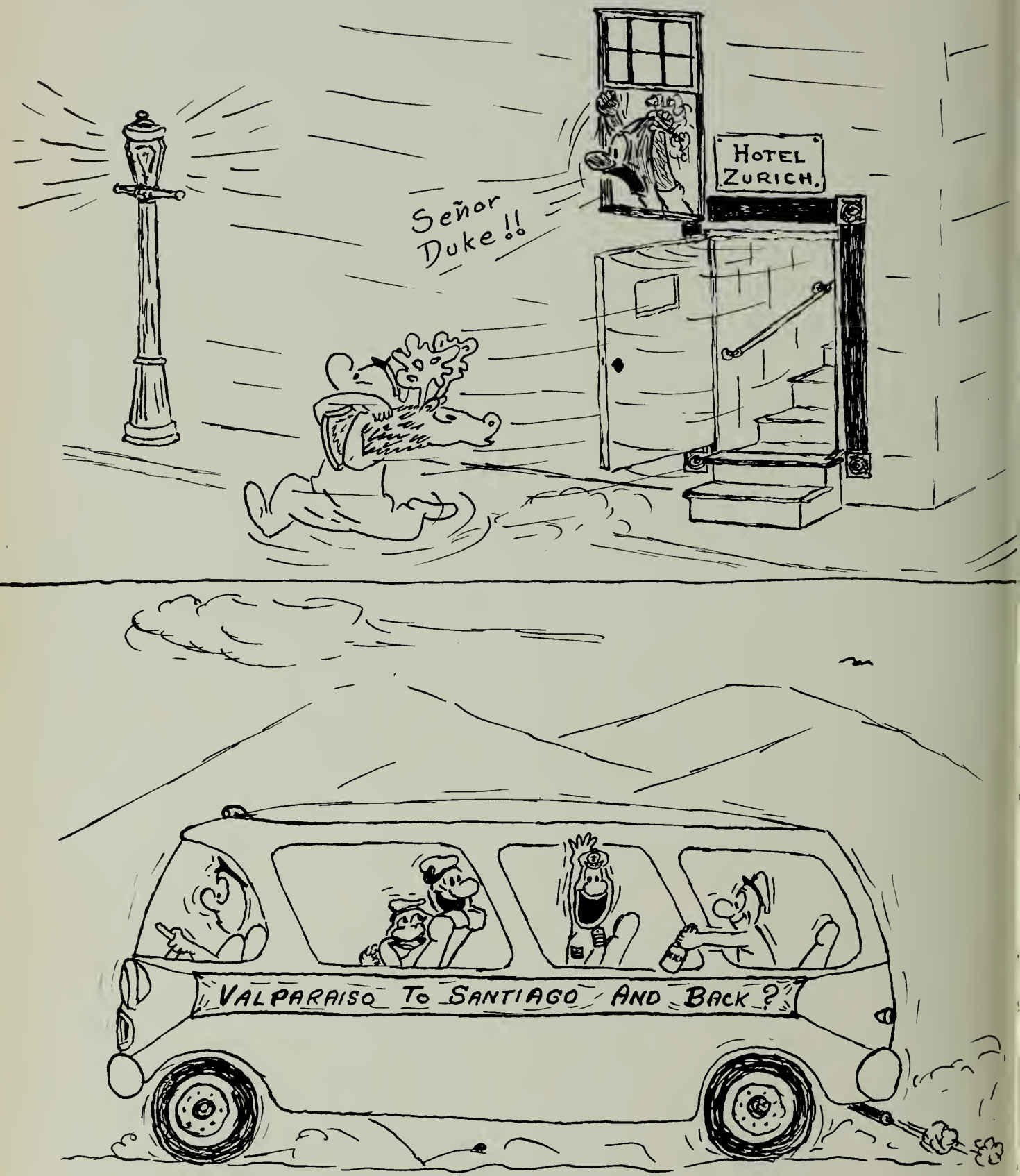
Warren
Donovan
O'Donnell
Cashman
Federico
Dennis

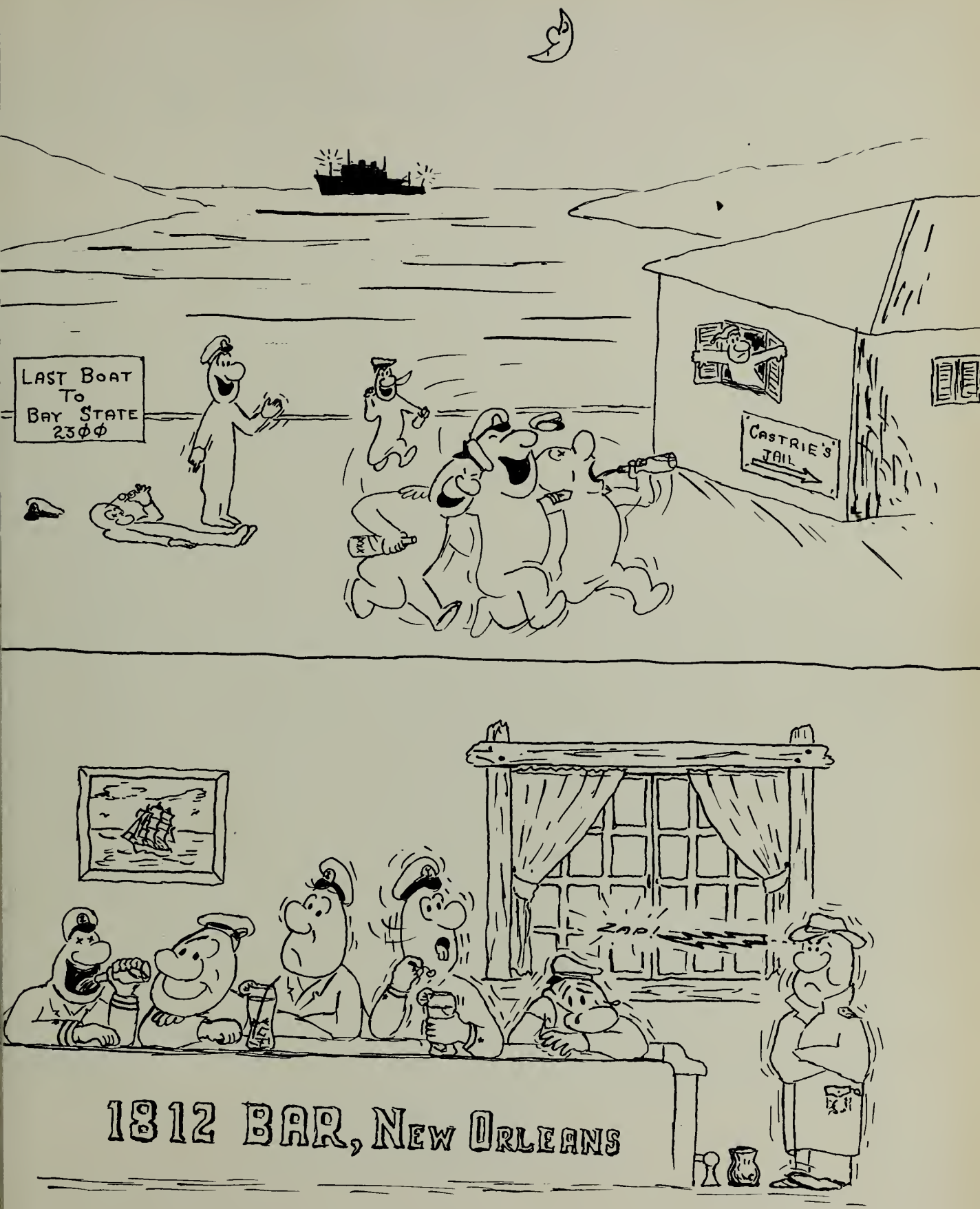
WATCH IV

Haley
West
Mooney
Leonard
LCDR Crosby
Cheyne
O'Brien

NAVIGATION DIVISION

Redman
Bartlett
Lopes
CDR. Connors
Brown


HOTEL ZURICH.
Señor Duke!!
VALPARAISO TO SANTIAGO AND BACK?



1812 BAR, NEW ORLEANS

'60' CR

T/S BAY STATE
MARITIME ACADEMY
1960 CRUISE
BERMUDA
MADEIRA
MALLORCA
NAPLES
VALENCIA
LAS PALMAS
MIAMI
BOSTON
BUZZARDS BAY

UISE

USS Enterprise Training Ship 1892-1909

1960 TRAINING CRUISE

January 14th was the selected departure date for the Bay State's 1960 Training Cruise. During the Christmas Leave Period, this date was unfortunately pushed ahead 2 months to the 14th of March.

This date found the Bay State and all hands ready to get underway; and at 1000 on the morning of the 14th, the word was passed "Cast off all lines, all ahead 1/3!" A feeling of excitement prevailed as we left our loved ones behind and began looking forward to strange new places overseas.

Our first port out of Buzzards Bay was Hamilton, Bermuda, reached after a rollicking 3 days at sea. The Bay State slowly wended her way through the tortuous approaches to Hamilton Harbor, where we tied up next to one of "Her Majesties Finest". Due to overtrading, it wasn't a strange sight to see a Canadian sailor in one of our compartments at odd hours-or was it a Canadian sailor? Because of this, we had to surrender our hard-won trophies under the watchful eyes of the L.A.W.

The narrow, winding roads that are typical of Bermuda gave many a midshipman a desperate and frightening time while returning to the ship from such places as the Elbow Beach Surf Club, The Princess Hotel, the Bermuda Royal Yacht Club, and the Crystal Caves. The Seaman's Club offered an exchange of nationalities and fists. The island was picturesque but unenjoyably expensive for a midshipman.

Having gotten underway earlier than most other ships in the harbor, the Bay State was able to take active part in an Air-Sea Rescue Operation. The results were the retrieving of a radar buoy by the Bay State.

After a trying 8 day journey, the island of Madiera abruptly thrust herself up in front of the Bay State. Here the fleet of bumboats reached the ship shortly after we acquired our pilot. He took us in close to shore where we anchored and stayed for the next 5 days. From here we watched the bumboat hawkers and the "Boy dive for your coins" performers.

Once ashore in Funchal however, the deals began as wine shops and lace shops opened and displayed their wares for approval. The excellent lace obtained here is still gracing many a table in the States, and is constantly bringing back fond memories of Madiera to those of us who were there-notably at the intriguing Casanova.

For those of you who have seen the motion picture "Windjammer", you probably had your breath taken away by the Basket Slide. Racing down the side of the mountain from the Cathedral, you are brought to an abrupt stop in front of the Halfway House

by your footman. Here driver and passenger alike refresh themselves and catch their breath. Once again on the path, you continue moving until you collide with something or arrive safe and sound at the foot of the mountain. Many enjoyed a swim at the pool before being summoned to dinner at the Savoy Hotel. This meal was one to end all meals and tried even the most avid readers of Emily Post. Returning to the ship via the "Stumble Bum" launch, we turned in for the night, ready to depart early next morning.

The 3 day trip to Palma de Mallorca passed quickly, and we saluted the island's defenses as we passed before them on our way to the docks. Elements of the Spanish—and later the Italian—Fleets were present in the harbor alongside the Bay State.

Our frequent trips into town via horse-drawn carriages brought back photographs of the great cathedral, the yacht club, and much local color. The seemingly everpresent dockside hawkers sold their wares at lower

prices than could be found in town, so some of us purchased some very fine boots.

Many of us still bear scars caused by frequent motor scooter accidents; ask the middies who broke down out of town and really needed help to "pay" for the scooter owner's inconvenience, they can tell you all about it!

However, all good things must come to an end, so all hands watched Mallorca fade over the horizon and began eagerly awaiting the sight of Mount Vesuvius and Naples.

Smogbound Naples greeted us by clearly presenting Mt. Vesuvius for all to see and photograph. We slowly sailed through the harbor and dropped our anchor to swing about and dock Mediterranean style—stern too. Shortly thereafter, the USS Newport News came alongside. With typical navy efficiency, she painted in her waterline in no time at all. Just as fast though, the Bay State pumped overboard about 100 gallons of fuel oil and thoroughly oiled her freshly painted hull. Excitement followed with Fog, Foam, and Fire the by-words, but the situation was capably handled by all hands.

Soon buses came down to the docks to load middies aboard for a Roman Holiday. The trip included room, board, and many scenic tours about historic Rome. As always, the middies found their own evening pastimes; food, wine, and song was a great lift for them on their 3 day stay. Sidewalk cafes and churches were in all directions. The

omnipotency of the Roman Empire was still felt when we visited the Coliseum, Palatine Hill, and the Roman Forum.

The highlight for most of us — Port Watch particularly — was the seeing of Pope John XXIII celebrate Easter Mass in St. Peter's. Outside in the crowd, many midshipmen listened as the Pope addressed the world.

Upon returning to Naples, many of us visited Pompeii and the Isle of Capri. A fine meal in a quaint Neopolitan cafe made our final night one to fondly remember.

Our next port of call was the city of Valencia, made famous by stories and songs.

Many of the middies took in the bull fights and some got so excited over getting authentic souvenirs that they ended up in the bull pens procuring "bandeleros".

After the fights the boys decided to do the town up until they found out that the siesta was in full swing and they had to modify their plans some. However after a while everything was opened up and the middies took over the town. Finally it came time to head back to the ship and streams of middies set forth from such places of local interest as the "Derby Club" heading for the ship. What ship? There seems to have been some confusion on that point but using

the trial and error method everybody finally got aboard.

Sunday morning Mass was celebrated on the 01 deck aft and in the afternoon we enjoyed ourselves by visiting the historic Spannish Cathederals such as the Cathedral of Valencia which houses the Holy Grail.

After too short a stay we packed up our guitars and botas, then departed. All suffered to the twang of the amateur guitar player for the remainder of the cruise. The only contentment was to practice the use of the wine filled botas.

Fiesta time in Las Palmas, Gran Canaries! But still there was plenty to do, from the Opera that was offered to the more cultural minded of us aboard, to the beautiful sandy beaches.

Several of the midshipmen were entertained in fine style by the old salts at the Club Nautical and the fleet offered a variety of voyages to the intended "round the world sailors".

This was the last stop for the foreign exchequers and barter men. Linen and wine provided the price hagglers with an excellent work out.

After a hard twelve days at sea, we spotted the golden spires of Miami glowing in the western skies and we steamed down a

beautiful canal and tied up in our luxurious berth facing Sears and Roebucks.

As we went on liberty we saw the resort hotels sitting like parasites waiting to take our money but through the kindness of the local Chamber of Commerce we were able to take in the sights free of charge.

Another enjoyable day was had when Miss Miami and her runner up came aboard and sent many middies into delirium.

Millies seemed to be the main point of interest ashore as here everyone met "his acquaintance". Using this as a base of operations the middies sailed back and forth to the beach.

Another sidetrack for the "Bay State Beau Brummels" was an occasional visit to the University of Miami at which many friendships were made.

Prior to departure our engineers spent many a benny day under the lights of the engine spaces as they bypassed the boiler

economiser in the after engine room. At the end, with all our papers in order, the Coast Guard let us go our merry way and we spent our last few days heading for the Gulch.

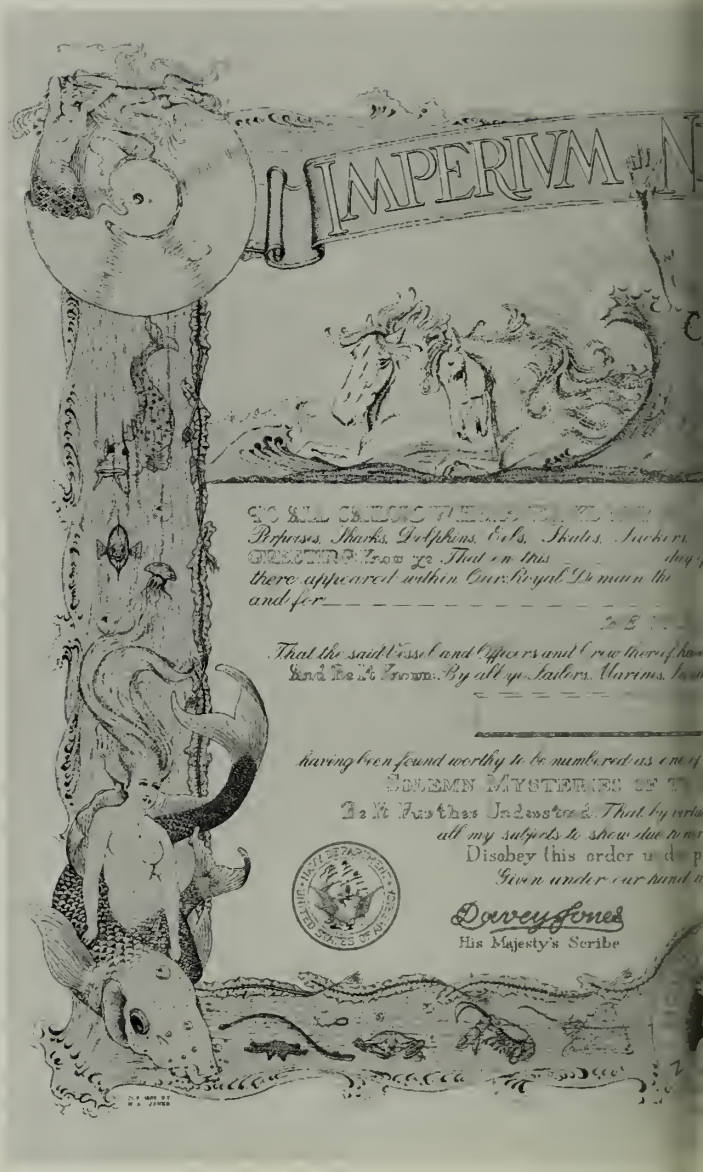
Upon arrival at Buzzards Bay we stepped ashore and let the people at home observe the transformation from "Young Men" to "Old Salt'ss and so ends the most memorable of our cruises.

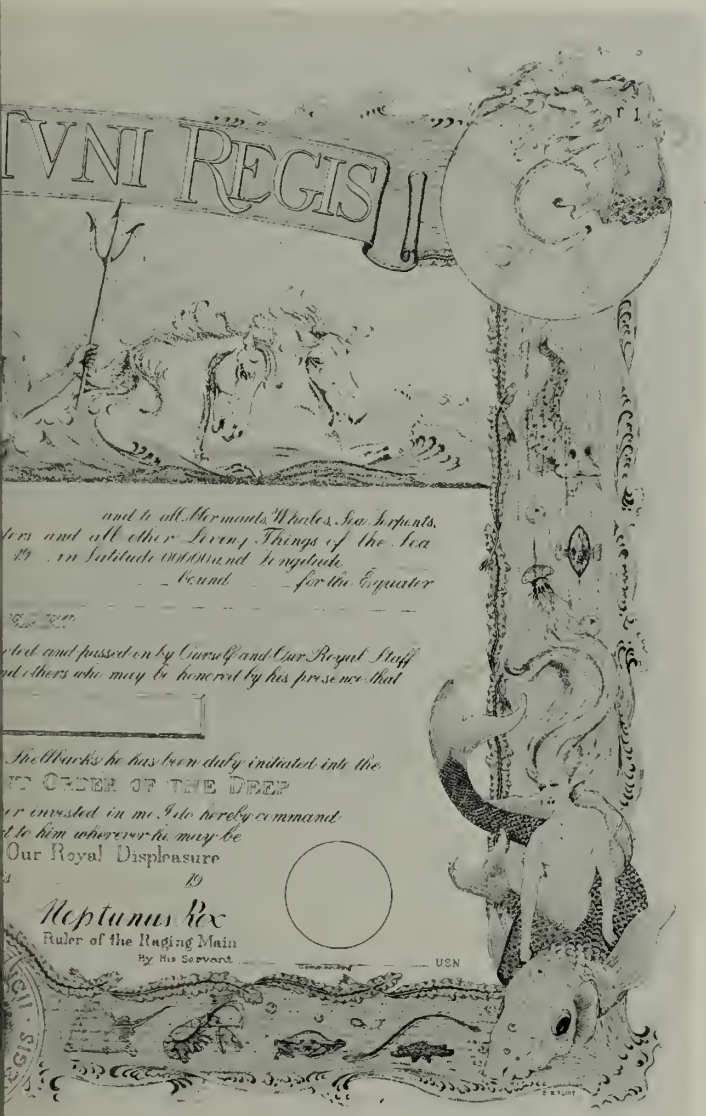
'61' CR

ACADEMY
1961 CRUISE
BUZZARDS BAY
NEW BEDFORD
S.S. TAMPA
MACRISTOBAL
VALPARAISO
U.S.S. TOLMAN
GATUN LAKE
MARITIME
T/S BAY STATE

UISE

USS Charleston Training Ship 1948 to 1957


IMPERIVM
Dovey Jones
His Majesty's Scribe


VNI REGIS
and to all Mermaids Whales Sea Serpents
and all other Living Things of the Sea
in Latitude and Longitude
bound for the Equator
ted and passed on by Ourself and Our Royal Staff
d others who may be honored by his presence that
Shellbacks he has been duly initiated into the
ORDER OF THE DEEP
er invested in me I do hereby command
d to him wherever he may be
Our Royal Displeasure
19
Neptunus Rex
Ruler of the Raging Main
By His Servant
USN

1961 CRUISE

On one typical Cape Cod winter morning we finally made preparations for our 1961 training cruise. We let go our lines and got under way, or did we? For a while it looked like our cruise was going to be to the other side of the Cape Cod Canal, but we finally got our signals straight and headed out to sea to visit some new and mysterious places.

After a few days of rough weather, which the Bay State took with her usual even keel, we were down into warm southern waters; and after a brief trip through the Gatun Locks we came to anchor in Gatun Lake. After a few days of looking at the jungle and observing the wild life, we steamed through the remaining two sets of locks and tied up at the U. S. Naval station at Rodman. The Navy gave us the run of the place, and not being ones to refuse any offers of friendship, we utilized the swimming pool and clubs to our best advantage. At night several of the braver boys made sorties into Panama City and points of local interest, such as the Phoenix Museum, with its art display of the Panama Canal and various monkey faces. Another point of interest that the middies frequented was the gambling casino of the Panama Hilton.

For our first port of the cruise Rodman was enjoyable, and we were all

kind of sorry when it came time to leave on our run down the west coast of South America.

On the way down we underwent the sacred rites of King Neptunes' Court where "Neptunis Rex" was played by one of the stouter advocates of the ceremony of being initiated into the mysteries of the deep. For this day we took on the appearance of a luxury liner with our much-praised salt water swimming pool on the Foc'sle. We will all remember the 5th of Feb. for the rest of our lives as the day we crossed over the line at 81°5' W. and 0000° latitude and became full fledged "shellbacks."

After putting the ship back into condition again we were ready to pull into Valpariso Chile.

This will probably be the best remembered port of all our three years' stay at the Academy because of the friendliness of the people there. There was an abundance of things to do, from the dances given by the Chilean North American Cultural Institute to the two excursions to Santiago, and even up to one of our class mates' moosehunts in the jungles of the Zurich wildlife preserve. Unfortunately the wildlife had to be returned before we left.

After a stay that was too short for most of the boys, we said good by to

all our newfound friends on the dock and steamed out looking wistfully back to the beaches of Vina del Mar, but many letters from Valpariso were to follow the Bay State wherever she went for some time to come.

As we pushed our way up the coast, we traveled slowly to the extreme plea-

sure of our marine wildlife spotters until we reached Callao, Peru. For days many of the middies insisted that if Callao were ever the heart of the South American perfume trade, they would never buy perfume for anybody again. Afer a while most of us became used to the odor and all we had to contend with was the tarnishing of brass and various black deposits throughout

the ship. Once on liberty most of the middies took a taxi through the quaint little suburb of Callao into Lima to do a little trading with the local natives. All during the daylight hours the great majority of the boys spent time shopping or touring the country side but at night everyone was hot and tired enough to sit down and enjoy a bottle of Crystal-Cola and then head

back through scenic Callao in time to convince the gate guards at the Peruvian Naval Base of our good intentions and get aboard.

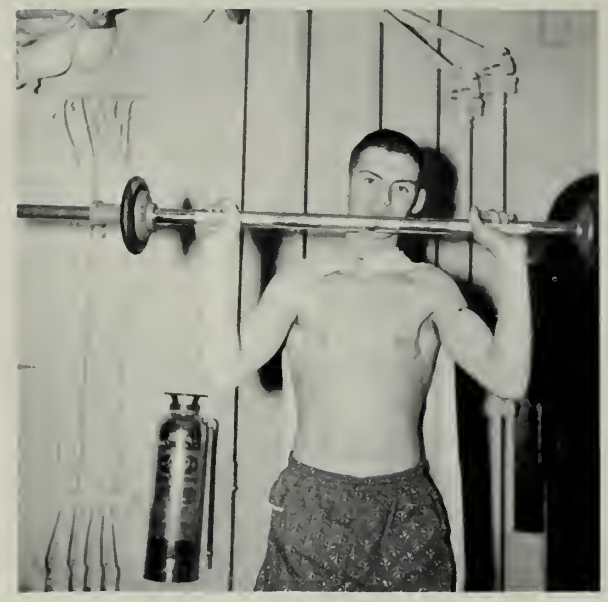
After our brief stay we packed up our llama rugs and silver trinkets and headed for the placid Pacific once more, however, much to our chagrin, we ran out of water in Callao harbor and had to extradite ourselves before we got underway again.

A brief run up the coast found us again entering the Panama Canal, but instead of stopping this time at Rodman we had to be content to just watch as we went through and headed for the other side and Cristobal.

If the cultural development of the city fell below our usual standards, it did not seem to bother the middies too much and as we walked down the street we heard the old familiar "Hey Man!" echoing from everybody's lips reminding us that we were once more in Panama. As we ventured down main street we discovered that Cristobal was nothing but one big bar, so as the old

saying goes "When in Rome do as the Romans do."

As we departed from Cristobal, none aboard were too sad as we were all looking forward to our first stateside port of the cruise, namely Galveston. Where we were greeted by the town fathers and the local high school band which played almost as well as our own. The usual days liberty started with a tour of the Falstaff Brewery and then progressed from there. However there were many exciting side excursions, such as a dance given by the chamber of commerce, and several midshipmen visiting the historic gun mounts to see if they could make the old weapons work but much to their chagrin it became too crowded all at once and that ruined their plans.



If things were good in town, they were not so aboard ship as a result of the guided tours through the Bay State, and many a middie was bound to be embarrassed by people peering at him after he stepped out of the shower.

We were sorry to leave Galveston but it was time to head for our next port, Tampa, Fla.

As we pulled under the bridge and steamed up Tampa Bay to Dock, it didn't look as if there would be too much to do here. But as usual the middies found many exciting things to do. This is the port where our pal Boris really shined and will probably go down in the history of the city. Probably the best thing about Tampa was that we would be home soon and this made everybody happy.

As we left Tampa we settled down to sea routine for the last time and tried to acquire our last Bennies before seeing the people at home. However destiny, with the help of our unusual speed, played a trick on us and as a result we spent a couple of days lolling in the sun off of New Bedford.

The big day finally came, and we pulled into the slip at New Bedford and saw all our parents and friends on the dock. Of course someone had to remark "gee aren't they pale-looking!" This ended our second annual training cruise and we went ashore with all our stories to enchant the people at home.

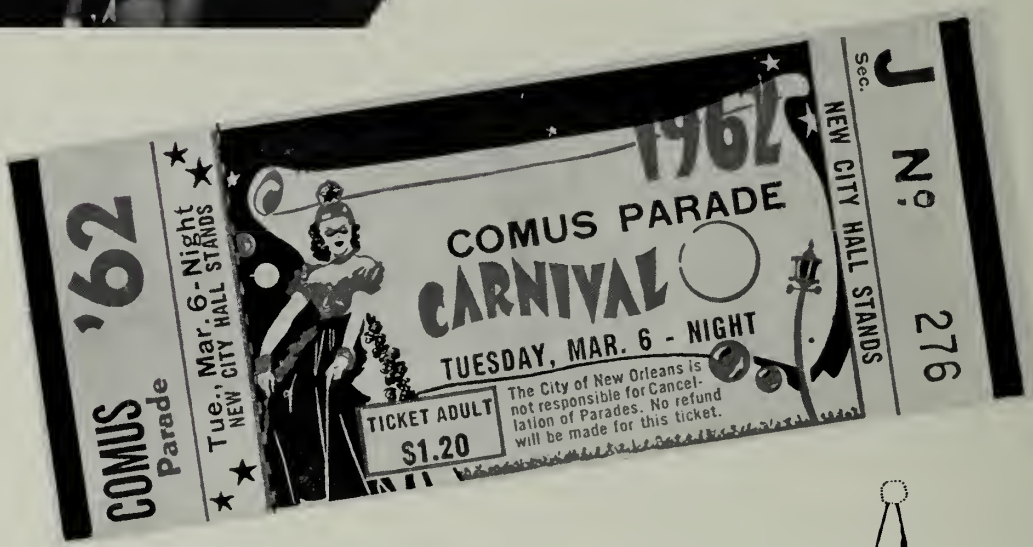
'62' CR

ACADEMY
1962 CRUISE
MARITIME
ST. THOMAS
BARBADOS
ST. LUCIA
ST. CRISTOBAL
KINGSTON
VERA CRUZ
NEW ORLEANS
PORT EVERGLADES
BOSTON
BUZZARDS
BAY

UISE

Bay State Training Ship 1958 to Present

MARDI GRAS


COMUS '62
Parade
Tue., Mar. 6 - Night
NEW CITY HALL STANDS
1962
COMUS PARADE
CARNIVAL
TUESDAY, MAR. 6 - NIGHT
TICKET ADULT
$1.20
The City of New Orleans is not responsible for Cancellation of Parades. No refund will be made for this ticket.
Sec. J
No. 276
NEW CITY HALL STANDS

By

His Imperial Majesty's

Most Gracious Consent, His Obedient
Subjects Are Pleased To Present

The Rex "Doubloon"

Bathed in magic at His Majesty's mint
The little "Gold Coin" that can't be spent
Tho, priceless to memory if "given" or "caught"
The little "Gold Coin" can't be bought.
Hallow'd with Luck and "Spanking New"
Keep it forever—the wiser ones do
A treasure beyond price—"given" or "caught"
It cannot be sold and must never be bought.

Rex "Doubloon"

America's Most Fabulous Pageant
Mardi Gras In "Old" New Orleans, La.

1962 CRUISE

At last the departure day for our last training cruise at the academy drew near and we made all preparations to get underway. On the ninth of January, we let go our lines in our usual record time and were underway for our first port of the cruise, Saint Thomas in the Virgin Islands.

As we pulled into the Saint Thomas Yacht Basin, many of the middies lined the rails, checking out the local scenery with their newly bought binoculars, especially some of the local natives fixing up their boats.

"First call to liberty" sent everybody scrambling and after a five day-run down, none of the middies minded the long walk into town. The first place of call for most of the boys was the A. H. Riise Incorporated, to look over and try some of their various concoctions and from there, to wander down the main street taking in the sights. Some of the fellows however, were more content to take a harrowing taxi ride to such places as: The Virgin Isle Hotel, The Black Witch, and Sebastions On The Waterfront. However not all the taxi rides were as crazy as some of our classmates, riding jeeps. Many a middy was to turn half monkey in this port in search of freshly picked cocoanuts.

As the day approached to depart we packed up our strawhats and cases of Saint Thomas Bay Rum and got ready to settle

down to "sea routine" for another couple of days.

After a brief trip through Saint Lucia and Saint Vincent, we sighted our first British Island, Barbados.

Immediately before liberty the list of recommended spots in Bridgetown was read off and all the middies stampeded off the ship in search of them.

We were not to be dissappointed in the Navy's choice of spots and many a fond memory was gained at such places as Harry's Nightery and the New Yorker.

Thanks to the intercession of Miss Eileen Donovan, from Jamaica Plain Massachusetts, the United States Consul, we had several enjoyable functions to attend such as a dance at the Accra Beach Hotel and a cocktail party at the consul.

This was our first opportunity to try out some unusual cuisine and many of the boys whet their appetite on Flying Fish and the Old English style fish and chips.

"Hey, what are those? Oil barrels!" rang through the ship early Sunday morning. Actually it was the Coca Cola Company's steel band, sent down to entertain us and many of us were hesitant to leave on our excursions with some of the families of the island, to such strange places as Bathsheba and Christ's Church. After such tours, the night was usually rounded off with a visit to such places as the Oasis and the Flying Fish.

Early Monday morning we packed our memories of sunburns and rum punches and headed for Aruba.

Our arrival was heralded by the sound of smashing timbers as the Bay State nosed into her berth in Oranjestad.

"A touch of Dutch, a splash of Spain — all under the sunniest sun ever and air-conditioned by the refreshing trade winds." Can this be Aruba they are talking about? All I remember seeing was a flat desert with a noticeable upraised projection, aptly termed 'Haystack Mountain' plus the infamous Divi-Divi trees.

Two unique opportunities to see the island were offered to us by tours given by the

Royal Dutch Marines and Lago Oil Company. The Lago officials are still pondering the disappearance of 1100 bottles of beer. However, this is a secret we will keep to ourselves.

This port offered an excellent chance for the Engineering midshipmen to view a large evaporator setup at close range.

It was hard for us to tear ourselves away from Aruba, in fact at the last minute the Captain consented to leave a ship's souvenir behind.

Our navigational experts agree that we finally hit a port on the nose, but later on that night the Bay State followed suit by losing herself in the dark.

All things considered, we finally anchored that morning in Castries Harbor. The Plan of the Day announced an intended liberty boat schedule.

Armed and forwarned, the middies endured the long wet ride to shore to help the Peace Corps in their development of the island. Soon finding out that we weren't cut out for Peace Corps work, we decided to establish a good-will station at the Habana Club.

Being accomplished Hands at cocktail parties by this time, we felt quite at ease at the Governor's Mansion. Although a good time

was had at the cocktail party, it was nothing compared to the experience of six stranded shipmates who took Castries by storm. Being on a special overnight liberty, they spent much time viewing the local penal system from inside-out.

Happily departing from Saint Lucia, and vowing never to touch Red Stripe Beer again, we steamed westward to Panama.

So near and yet so far describes our docking facilities in Cristobal. Nevertheless, surmounting all difficulties, we once again roamed the streets of Panama in ten different ways.

On the second day of our stay, a notice in the Plan of The Day, Number 27 stated, "All MIDN visiting the Republic are advised to go in pairs. Stay on the main open thoroughfares. Do not go on back streets or alleys. Stay away from unsavory premises." May we add "Do as I say, not as I do" and let it rest there, even though it resulted in a nine o'clock curfew for the boys.

Having renewed all our old acquaintances with Sodom and Gomorrah of our time, we were ready to get underway for Kingston, Jamaica.

After a harrowing landing, during which we defied many a law of Physics, we immediately set out to determine for ourselves the extent of the island's tropical charm. This charm was evident in such places as the New

Paul Jones Hotel, Tally-Ho, Lounge, and the Birdland Hotel. Much of the excitement ashore was not confined to those on liberty as the ship afforded an excellent grandstand for viewing the many confused events on the docks.

Leaving port, the Bay State assumed the appearance of a Caribbean Corsair, armed to the stacks with fireworks and machetes.

This unusual armament afforded us a great deal of concern as we drew close to the Crescent City and the New Orleans Customs Officials. Customs passed us by and we went ashore feeling at ease, ready to take on Mardi Gras. The old saying states, "If you haven't been to Pat O'Brien's, you haven't been to New Orleans." We immediately remedied this situation, none too soon, for this fine establishment was promptly declared out of bounds for future officers.

None the worse for wear however, we set out to discover new points of interest. The El Morocco, Jax Brewery, The 1812 Bar, Ched's Lounge, and for a select few — The Playboy Club, were the fruits borne out of this successful sortie into this Fun Capital.

These fruits were soured by a plague of round worm, and a few middies were confined aboard as a result of this sickness.

Parades were to be found throughout the city, from those of Rex and His Court, to those of Father Knick on Bourbon Street. Often these parades ended at a certain gangway near the foot of Toulouse Street, and many of those paraders never did see the first half of our trip down to the Delta.

Port Everglades, the college playground, played host to the Bay State on her last port of our final cruise. We tied up directly ahead of Maine Maritime Academys' schoolship. Those of us at Massachusetts Maritime experienced a considerable amount of pride

when friendly comparisons of the two ships were made.

As is typical of every port, liberty became the byword on board. On liberty, the three miles to Fort Lauderdale was no obstacle to those who were anxious to continue where Maine Maritime left off. In so doing our mark was left at Omar's Tent, The Student Prince, and above all Lenny's, the scene of a record breaking Hurdle jumping event.

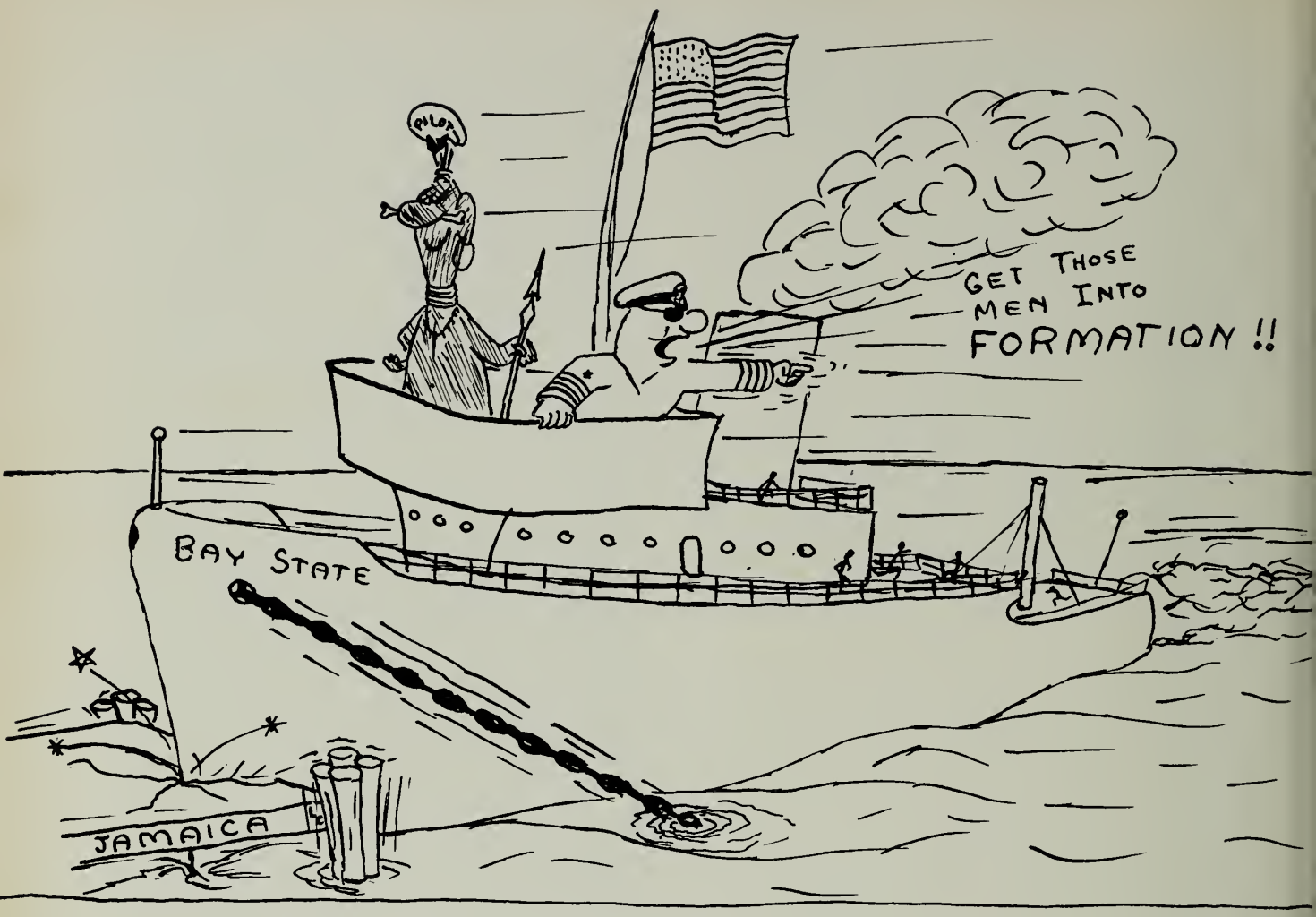
With the time element now pressing heavily on our shoulders, the middies hastened to return aboard; at this time, the fence surrounding the dock area became more accessible to some than the main gate.

Taking our departure early the next morning, the sun rose on the Bay State when she was quite a ways out to sea. All hands were restlessly awaiting our scheduled arrival in Boston-ironically enough, on Saint Patrick's Day. Daily speculation about an early arrival was a pastime for most of us. It proved to no avail however, as we dropped the hook a bare three hundred yards from the Boston Harbor shore. In preparation for our leave period, all souvenirs were broken out and packed for the journey home.

The 17th of March dawned clear and cold, but as we put our lines ashore, our spirits were warmed at the sight of those we had left behind three months ago.

The rest is anti-climax: most of us went home and the ship remained in Boston for three days; to be taken back to Buzzards Bay by half the ship's normal force.

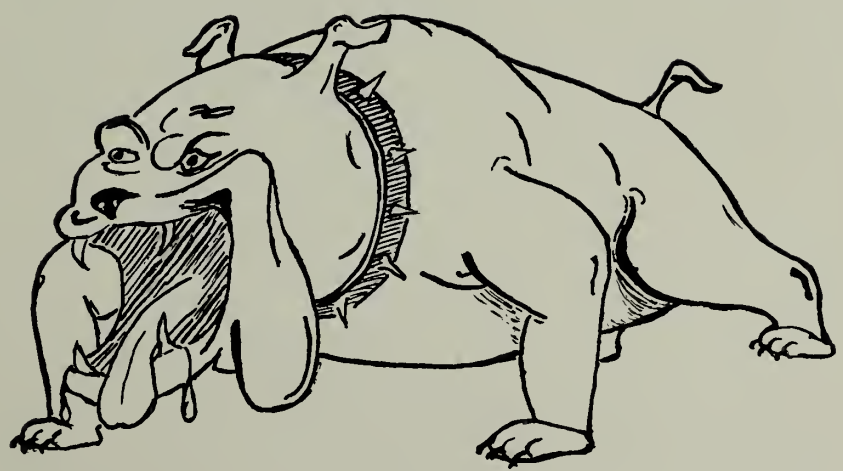
So ended our final cruise, one which we were sad to see ended, but glad, for it was one step closer to our goal.


PILOT
GET THOSE MEN INTO FORMATION !!
BAY STATE
JAMAICA

HAS ANYONE SEEN THE COMMANDER'S HAT ?!!!

OLD SHEP

When I was a middie and Old Shep was a Brass Arm.
O'er asphalt and drill fields we'd roam
We'd stumble around while gritting our teeth
In only an hour we'd go home.
Old Shepie would snarl and Old Shepie would wail
The foam would drip from his jaws
You'd think that we all had stepped on his tail
Or one of his grey mocha paws.
Our doggie had eyes that were placid and sage
But he was not easy to please
The slightest mishap would dilate them with rage
And he'd scream in the throes of rabies.
Caesar had illusions of grandeur and power
But Old Shep had him beat by a mile
As we drilled he would grip his binoculars and glower
His jaw in a hideous smile.
There once was a time when they shot rabid hounds
But today they give them gold braid
I'm sure if the grey lines call upon me to serve
I'll promptly tell them



SPORTS

ATHLETIC BOARD

Midshipman Warren
Cadet Athletic Officer

BASEBALL TEAM

Coach Magers
Team Capt. O'Donnell

BASEBALL SCHEDULE 1962

Date	Opponent
Sat. April 7	New Bedford Tech
Sat. April 21	Gordon College
Wed. April 25	Nichols College
Sat. April 28	Curry College
Wed. May 2	Tabor Academy
Sat. May 5	Eastern Nazarene College
Sat. May 12	Gordon College
Wed. May 16	Eastern Nazarene College
Sat. May 19	Newton Junior College
Sat. May 26	Nichols College
Thurs. May 31	Wentworth Institute

Captain: Kevin O'Donnell.

Managers: Arvid Sundquist, Francis Collins, William Briggs.

Coaches: Capt. L. J. Magers USAF, Sgt. D. S. Lancaster USAF.

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

Once again the boys in Blue proved that spirit is the most important product. With little time, facilities, and co-operation, our team proved once more that the will to win and a lot of team spirit will go a long way.

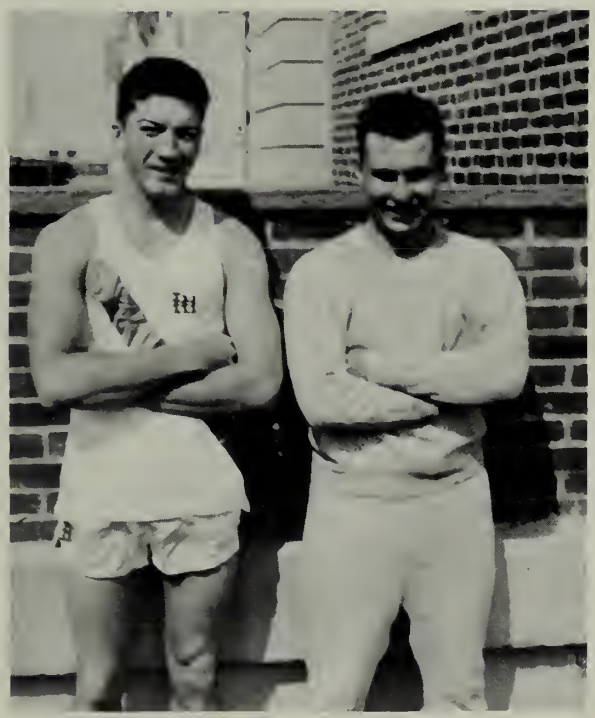
For the first time in years we were able to field a full squad of runners to take on the big boys. As usual our old enemies, time and administration, took their toll, and it showed in the final score.

We hope that next year, with the same team spirit and the help of the Athletic Board, we can change that score.

1962 Schedule

U.S.M.M.A., Kings Point
N.Y.M.A., Fort Schyler
Brandeis University
Providence College

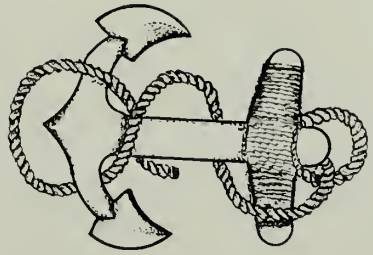
Kimball, Dowing, Butler Lopas, Holmstrom, Hoey Richard, Gillis Cunningham Quintero, Crovo.

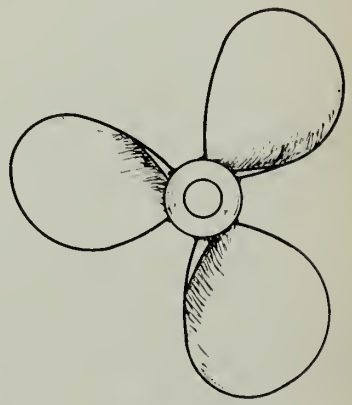


Butler Capt., 1963
Lopes Capt., 1962

FOOTBALL TEAM

25
27
Gatorade





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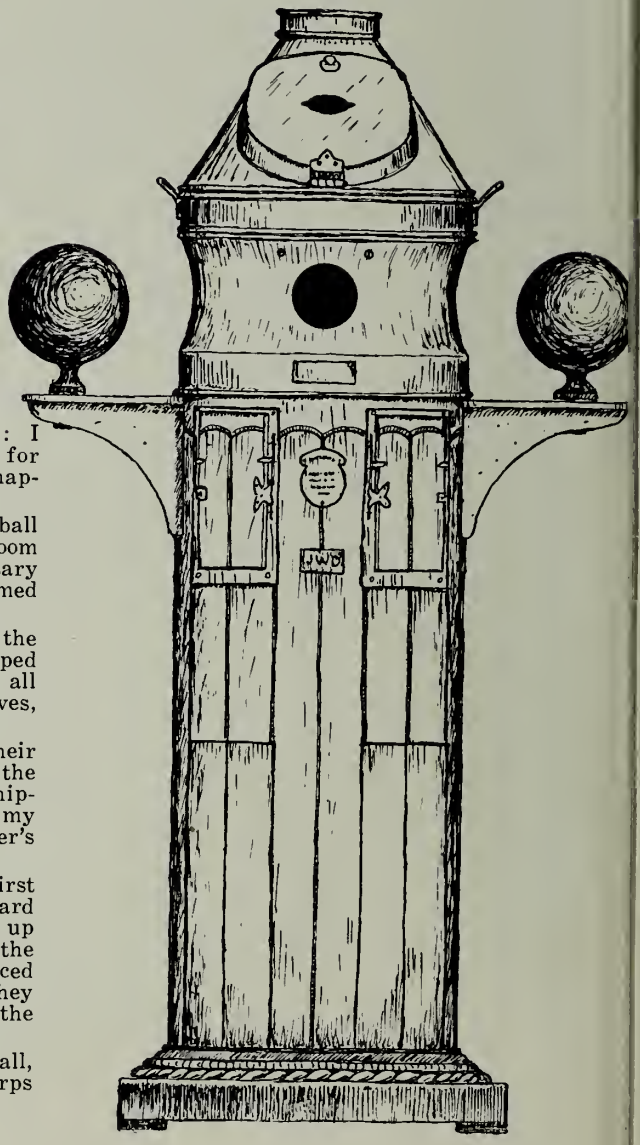
ACTIVITIES

RING DANCE CLASS OF 1962



Another year has passed, and another class has graduated: I watch it happen every year. I was the center of attraction, once for them, as I have been for every preceding class. This year it happened at the Statler Hilton Hotel, in Boston.

The corps of midshipmen escorted their ladies to their biggest ball of the year. Tom McSharry's orchestra played, as the Main Ballroom was host to the tide of swinging gowns and light stepping military shoes. At nine o'clock, the dancing ceased as the first class formed a procession with their ladies, to pass in review of their guests.

The clear shrill call from the boswain's whistle sounded as the nine man honor guard marched onto the cleared floor. They snapped through commands and executed their drill to the laudation of all onlookers. Then at a call, five retired and four stationed themselves, two forward and two aft of me.

Rear Admiral Thompson addressed the midshipmen and their guests, from the flowered central platform beside me, relating the significance of the approaching ceremony. He told of the midshipman's place at sea, and how water of the Seven Seas, held in my jowels, was to bind the academy ring to signify the new mariner's marriage to the sea.

After being introduced by the Master of Ceremonies, the First Class midshipmen came to me escorting their ladies. The forward honor guardmen snapped in unison to salute him as he stepped up on the platform. The ring, on its ribbon, was removed from the lady's neck and then submerged in my collected waters. She placed the ring on his finger and kissed him, while in his embrace. As they left me, the after honor guardmen saluted and prepared to await the next couple.

Tattoo called at ten minutes before midnight, sounding for all, that the ball was about to end. And as midnight rang in, the corps of midshipmen left me, couple by couple, until another year.

RING DANCE

CLASS OF 1962

ENGINEER CADET OFFICERS

Cheyne, Mooney, Tautkus, Doherty, Caiger, Hennigan, Dewis. **Not Shown:** Sundquist.

DECK CADET OFFICERS

Warren, Sweeney, Lopes, Bartlett, Dennis, Redman, Timoney, Howes, Mallett, Hindle, Cashman.

RING DANCE COMMITTEE

Lopes, Pronack, Timoney, Hennigan.

RING COMMITTEE

Mallett, Tautkus, Sweeney, Timoney.

MUSTER STAFF

Stack, Barlett, Redman, Dennis, Mallett, Caiger, Timoney, Sweeney, Hennigan, Doherty, Cashman Warren.

Redman and Caiger

Hennigan, Dolan, Doherty

Redman and Dennis

Warren

HONOR GUARD

Front: Dolan, Doherty, Reilly. **Rear:** Timoney, Federico, Nolet, Stack, Tautkus, Dewis.

BAND

Front: Cdr Cease, Granger, Benn, Elfbaum, Leydon. **Rear:** Leonard, Wingate, Kimball, Snow, Collins, Cronin, Coffin, Olson, Hindle.

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John A. Martin
Chief of Department

Thomas J. Griffin
Fire Commissioner

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CIRCLE "K"

This yearbook of the Class of 1962 would not be complete without mentioning the Circle "K" Club. This class helped to establish the club and bring it to its present standing. Although not being permitted to accomplish a great deal due to certain impossible boundaries, the members of the club in the graduating class have left some signs of existence, such as the Massachusetts Maritime Academy sign of the classroom building. This sign, we know, will remain in its present place for many, many years.

To the Kiwanis Club of Bourne and especially to Captain Edmund O. Evans, who was the Club's first chairman, the members of the club extend their sincerest thanks for the help they received in establishing the Circle K Club of Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

NEWMAN CLUB

Fr. Mahoney, Spiritual Advisor, Cronin, vice pres., Fenton, secretary, Mooney, president.

This year the Newman Club of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy completed its first successful year on campus, with the good counsel of Mr. Dorsey, our faculty advisor; and Father Francis Mahoney, our spiritual advisor, of Saints Margaret and Mary's parish in Buzzards Bay. The club managed to arrange and organize for its members the appearance of three guest speakers who spoke on pertinent subjects concerning the young man, plus some spiritual and social functions which "everyone" enjoyed.

The club elected Jim Mooney as its first President, who, with the help of vice president Jerry Cronin and secretary Dick Fenton, organized most of the clubs activities both here and abroad.

The club's purpose is to supply spiritual, social and cultural needs to the Catholic students of college level. Understanding that this was the club's first active year, it is with whole-hearted sincerity that we say, "A job well done, Newman Club!"

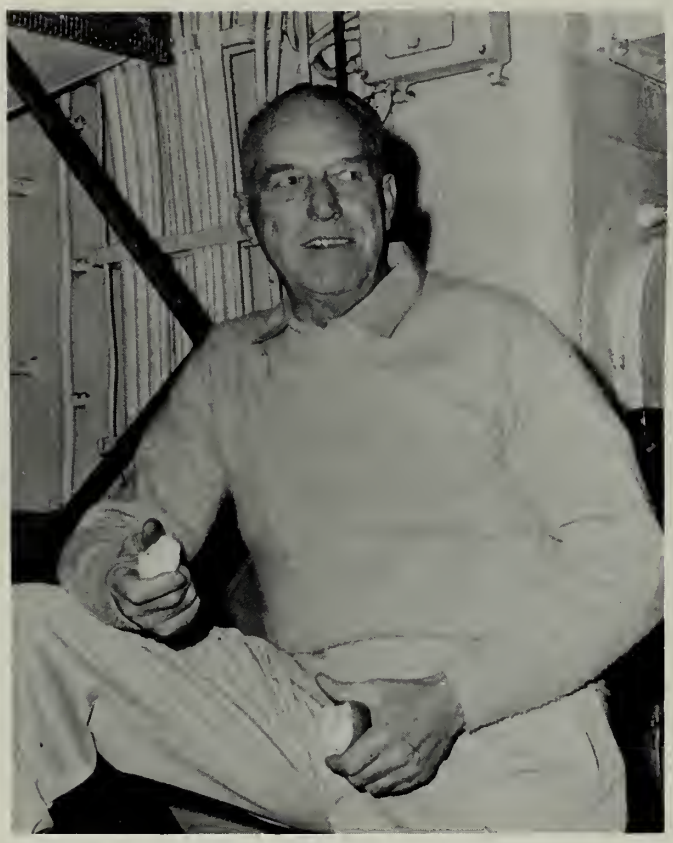
NATIONAL MARITIME DAY

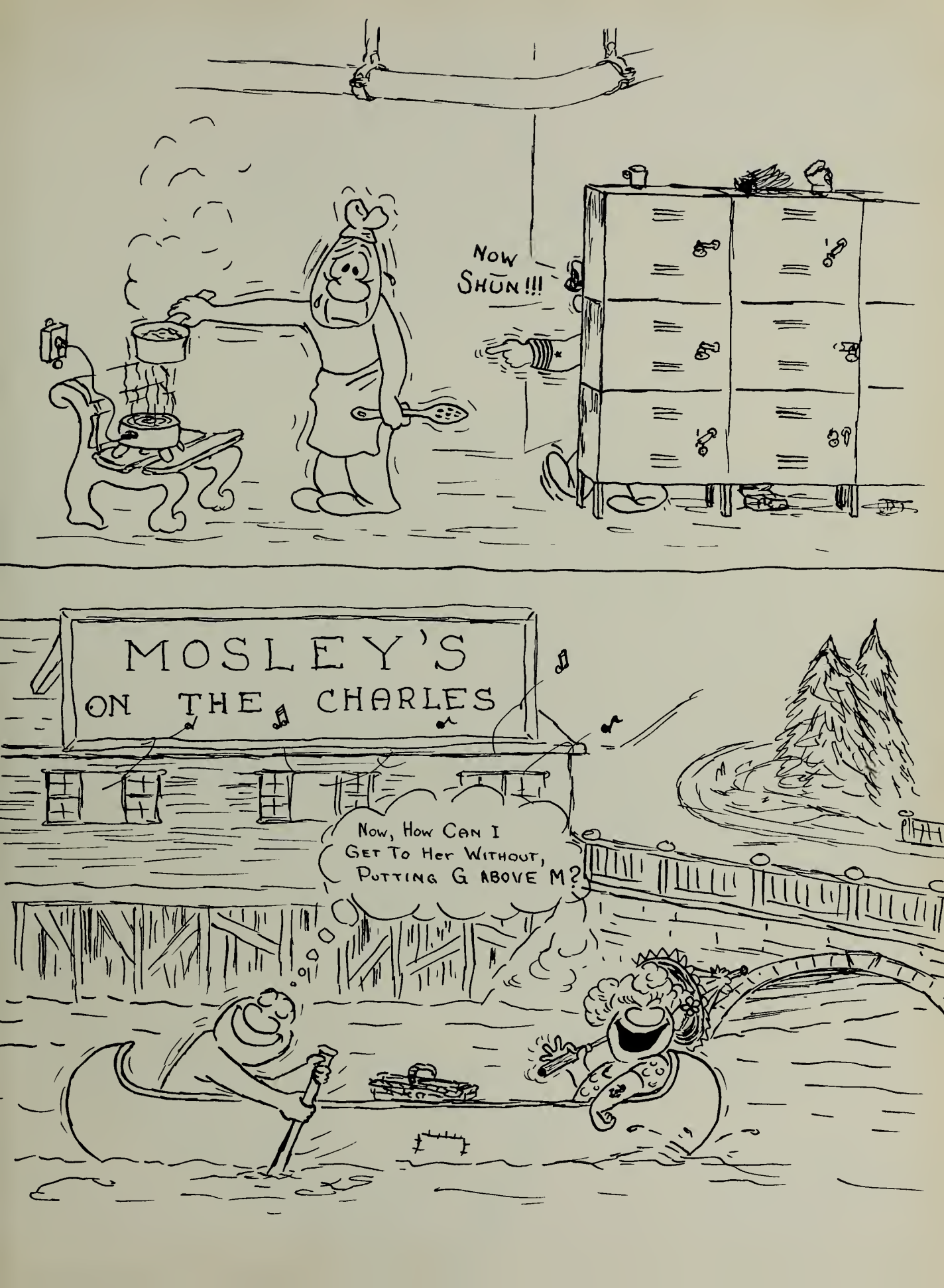
MAY 18, 1962

IN APPRECIATION

MASTER AT ARMS

WILLIAM L. LACASSE SR.




NOW SHUN!!!
MOSLEY'S
ON THE CHARLES
NOW, HOW CAN I GET TO HER WITHOUT, PUTTING G ABOVE M?

ADVERTISEMENTS

THANKS . . .

The undertaking of a college annual, as we found out early in our career with the MUSTER, would be quite impossible without the aid of the Patrons, on whom our publication is financially dependent.

So, it is to our Patrons, that we offer our deepest appreciation and humblist thanks.

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Best wishes to the class of 1962 **Mr. and Mrs. Russell O. Prouty**	Compliments of **Mr. and Mrs. John V. Sweeney**
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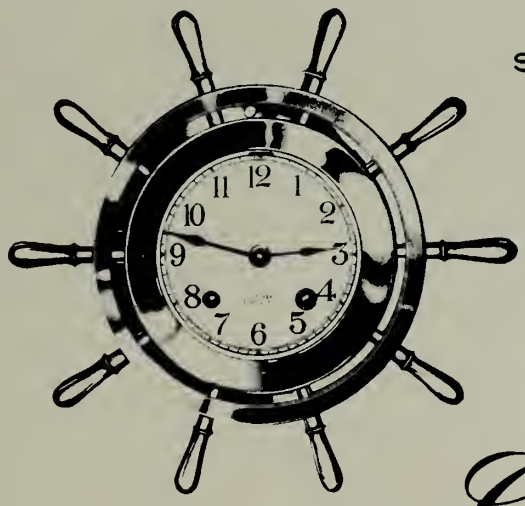

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American Export Lines' Fleet Replacement Program continues to make big news at sea. Recently the EXPORT COURIER, the *ninth* fast freighter in this program, slid down the ways. She will soon join the American Export Lines' fleet in providing direct express cargo service to the Mediterranean. The EXPORT COURIER will be followed by 3 other "C"-Series cargo vessels now contracted for, COMMERCE, CHALLENGER and CHAMPION.

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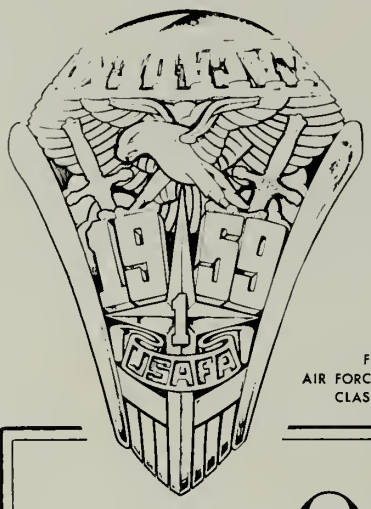

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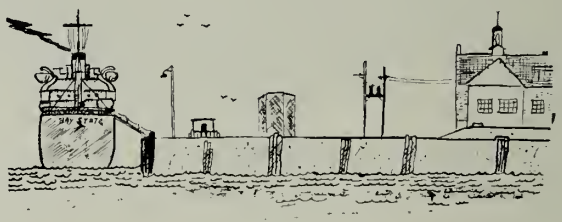

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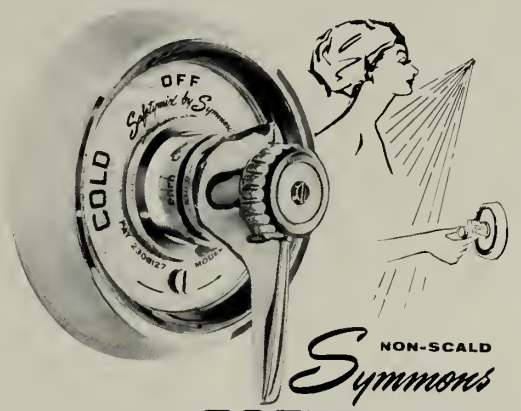

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Shell Pt.
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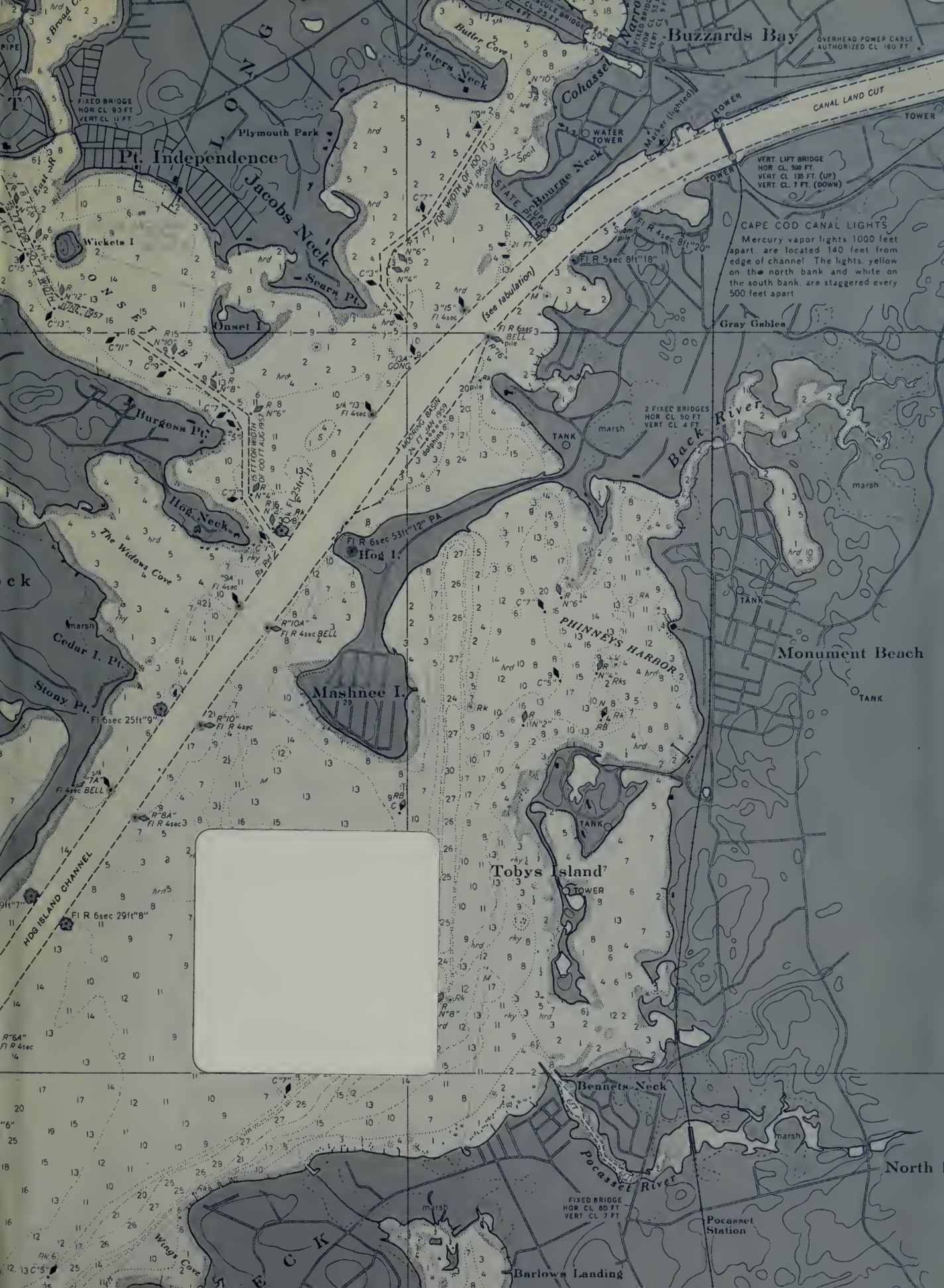
Oyster Bed
Quahaug Bar
Bourne Hill
118
Long Beach Pt.
Bourne Cr.
Indian Neck
marsh
Warren Pt.
Tempes K
F 68 ft
Little Bird I.
Dry Ledge
Stony Point Dike
Hill Pt.
Cove
Abiels Ledge
Fl 6sec 29ft "5"
Fl 4sec
Fl R 4sec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OVERHEAD POWER CABLE AUTHORIZED CL 160 FT
CANAL LAND CUT
TOWER
VERT. LIFT BRIDGE
HOR CL 500 FT.
VERT CL 135 FT. (UP)
VERT. CL. 7 FT. (DOWN)
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Mercury vapor lights 1000 feet apart, are located 140 feet from edge of channel. The lights, yellow on the north bank and white on the south bank, are staggered every 500 feet apart.
Peters Neck
Butler Cove
Cohasset Narrows
FIXED BRIDGE
HOR CL 93 FT
VERT CL 11 FT
Plymouth Park
Pt. Independence
Jacobs Neck
Wickets I
Sears Pt.
Onset I.
Onset Bay
Burgess Pt.
Hog Neck
The Widows Cove
Cedar I. Pt.
Stony Pt.
Fl 6sec 25ft"9"
Hog I.
Fl R 6sec 53ft"12" PA
Mashnee I.
PHINNEYS HARBOR
Monument Beach
Gray Gables
Back River
2 FIXED BRIDGES
HOR CL 50 FT
VERT CL 4 FT
marsh
TANK
Tobys Island
TOWER
HOG ISLAND CHANNEL
Fl R 6sec 29ft"8"
Bennetts Neck
Pocasset River
FIXED BRIDGE
HOR CL 80 FT
VERT CL 7 FT
Pocasset Station
Barlows Landing
Wings Cove
(see tabulation)
STATE PIER
Bourne Neck
Marker (lighted)
WATER TOWER
Fl R 5sec 8ft"18"
Fl R 4sec 8ft"20"
Fl R 6sec BELL pile
"34" GONG
MOORING BASIN
2 FT JAN 1959
dolphins
15 FT FOR WIDTH OF 100 FT AUG 1957
15 FT FOR WIDTH OF 100 FT JUN 1957
Fl 4sec BELL
Fl R 4sec BELL
Fl 4sec
Fl R 4sec